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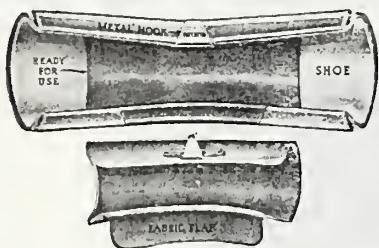
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Magazine Talk

The Kansas Magazine celebrates its second birthday with this issue. We are making only one resolution for the new year, and this resolution is, that every issue of 1911 shall be better than the previous number. Also we are very willing to allow our readers to judge as to the progress that we shall make.

It is gratifying to us to note a general movement throughout the Nation toward the establishing of state magazines, and we take pride in the fact that the Kansas Magazine was among the first of these publications.

The recognition that is being given us by the large eastern advertisers is sufficient evidence as to our stability as a representative publication.

Our editorial staff now includes a large number of writers who have established national reputations. Through out the coming year, we expect to maintain a high literary standard for manuscripts accepted. We will, as in the past, give preference to articles that are of especial interest to the West. Fiction having Western Flavor is especially desired.

Our printing facilities are being constantly improved, and very soon we expect to produce a publication equal in mechanical art to the best of the Eastern magazines.

We are deeply grateful to Kansans and ex-Kansans everywhere, for their hearty co-operation looking toward our success.

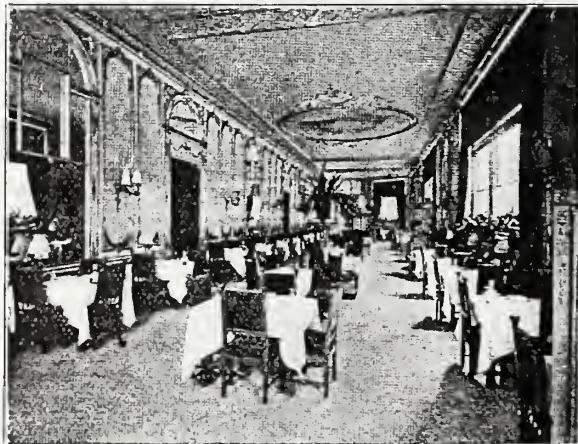
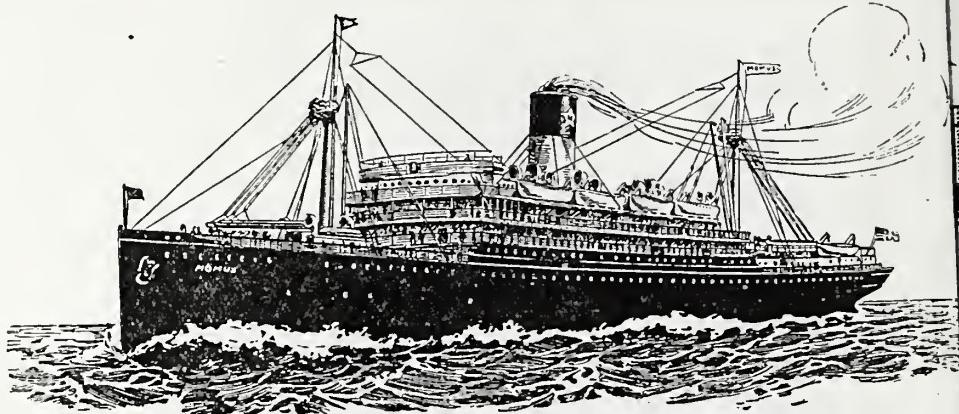
Your timely boosts and words of encouragement have been a great help indeed to us in the establishing of a representative state magazine. We shall greatly appreciate your continued good will, and an occasional word from every subscriber assures our ultimate success.

Our advertising pages present a market for retail buyers and investors of every description. Remember to mention us when you write to an advertiser. This will help a great deal.

This is a day of "coupon advertising." Advertisers everywhere are constantly trying to test the mediums they use by urging their customers to clip coupons. The special attention of our readers is called to this fact.

Let us boost together during the year 1911, and see to it that Kansas, the greatest publicity state in the Union, has the best state magazine in the Union.

Ho! For the Grand



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Miss Maud Talbot, Haven, Reno County.

Miss Leah Harlan, St. John Stafford County.

Miss Elizabeth McCarty and Miss Jessie A. Parker, Olathe, Miami County.

Miss Hazel Reed, Wellington, Sumner County.

Miss Emma Russell, Wichita, Sedgwick County.

INTEREST in our Grand Educational Tour is growing rapidly. From all over the Sunflower State come encouraging reports from the young ladies who are striving to gain a membership in this great excursion. At the time of going to press the following workers are in the lead, and a large number are already assured of the trip:

Miss Stella Tope, Pittsburg, Crawford County.

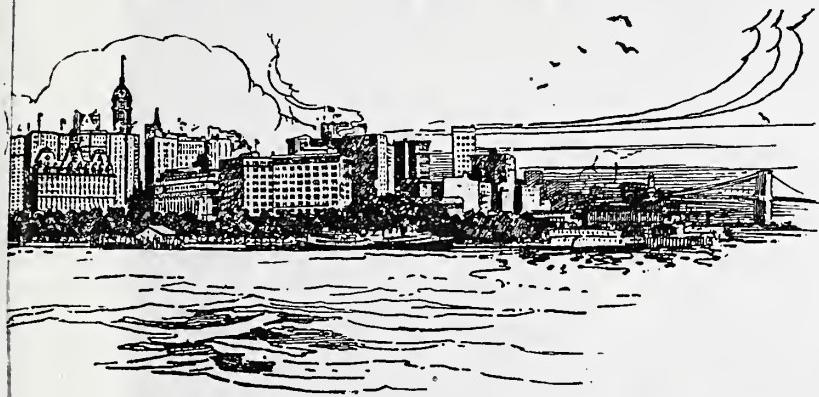
Miss Ethel Finley, St. Francis, Cheyenne County.

Mrs. Fred Revlett, Chautauqua, Chautauqua County.

Miss Ida B. Lahm, Arkansas City, Cowley County.

Miss Laurel Crow, Garden City, Finney County.

Educational Excursion



Miss Jane J. Barron, Kingman, Kingman County.

Miss Margaret Boggs, Syracuse, Hamilton County.

Miss Esther Cochran, Pratt, Pratt County.

Mrs. Augusta Durzan, Parsons, Labette County.

Miss Julia Zimmerman, Iola, Allen County.

Miss Mildred Johnson, Sedgwick, Harvey County.

Miss Ara D. Webster, Scott City, Scott County.

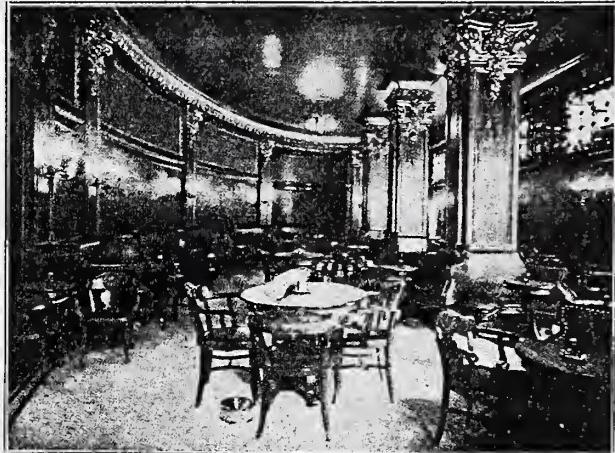
The date when our party will sail from Galveston will probably be fixed for the first of June, on account of the fact that a considerable number of High School students are endeavoring to earn the benefits of the tour.

Arrangements have already been made for the entertainment of our guests at the Imperial Hotel during our stop in New York City. The big vessel that will carry us from Galveston to New York, is one of the very finest of modern passenger ships, and no detail for the comfort of our guests will be neglected.

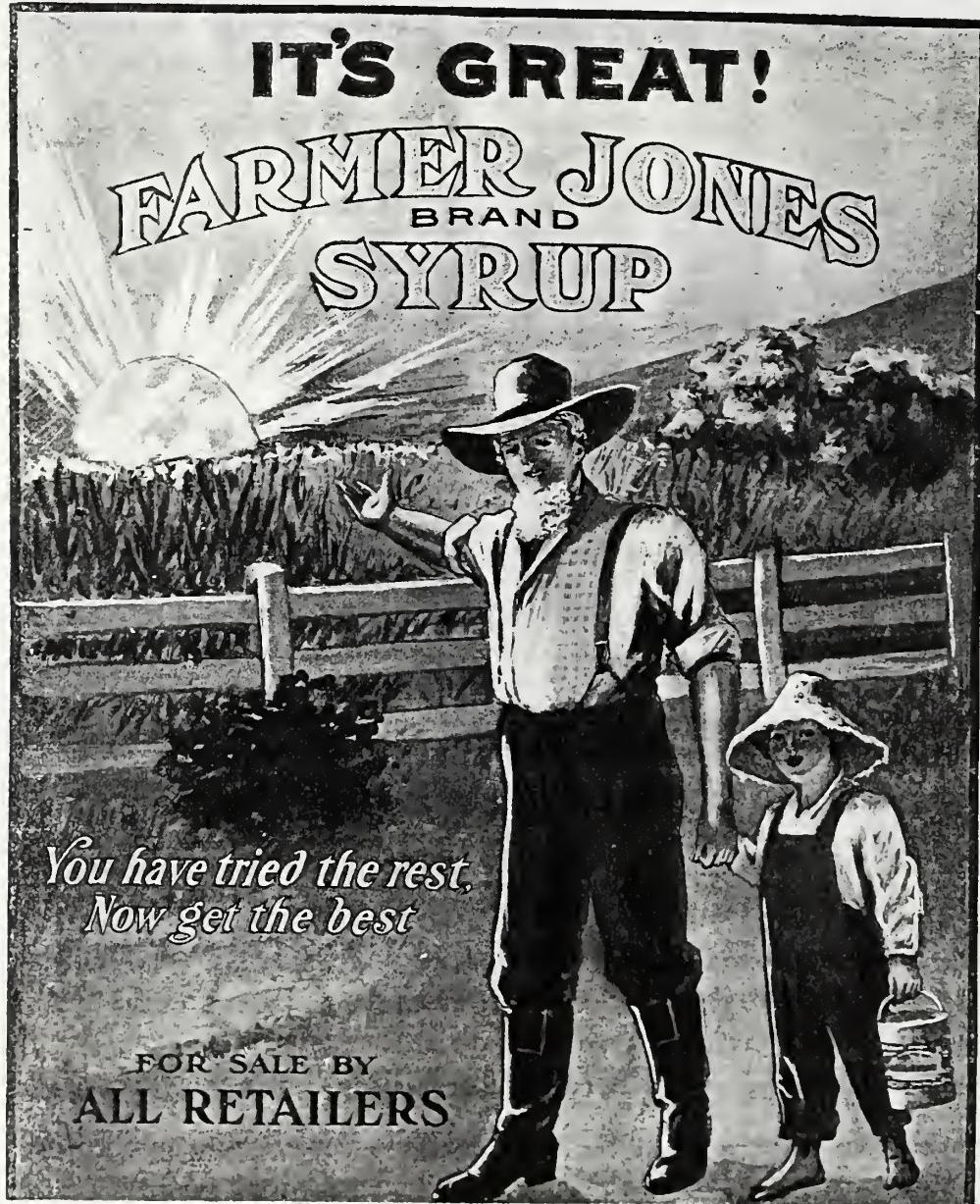
One of our most interesting stops will be in historic old Boston. At least three days will be given to see the places of interest.

Arrangements are now being made for a side trip to Mt. Vernon, Washington's old home, while we are in Washington, D. C.

Representatives, keep before your friends and the people of your community, the fact that you are the official representative of your County in this great tour. No young lady who has undertaken to earn this trip can afford to fail. It is the greatest educational opportunity ever offered to the young women of Kansas.



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The Kansas Magazine

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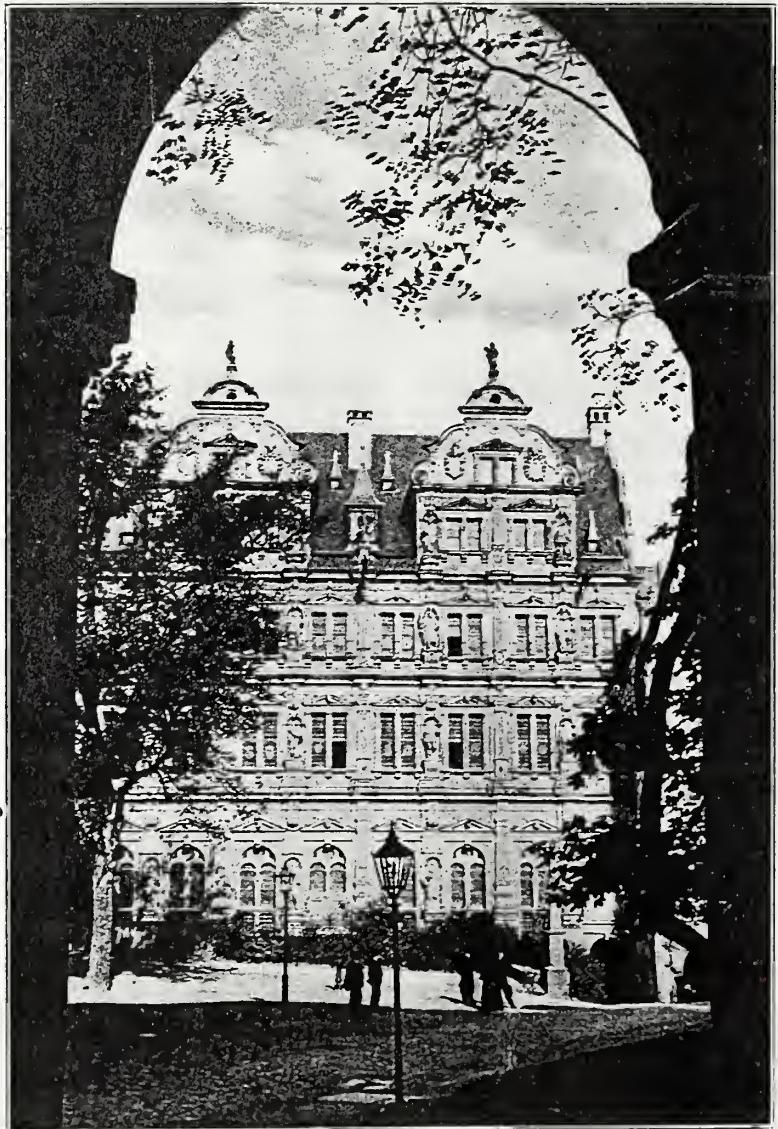
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H. HOWLAND.



Frederic's Building Castle, Heidelberg



Kansas Magazine



VOL. V

JANUARY, 1911

NO. 1



Heidelberg

By F. Dumont Smith

I had always believed that dueling at Heidelberg was a form of light exercise, a little more strenuous than ping-pong or club swinging. That there was anything bloody about it, that young men in this Twentieth Century stood up with sharpened swords and cut and slashed each other to gratify a fantastic sense of honor, I regarded as a traveler's tale. I should still be thinking so but for the accident of a thirst. Like thousands of others I should have passed through Heidelberg, admired its wonderful beauty, its quaint streets, its ancient Castle, and gone my way still unbelieving. But it happened that on a golden morning in July we were driving across the Neckar from Heidelberg and I was seized with a thirst. The driver somewhat reluctantly, I thought, said there was an inn nearby where something might be bought for a price. And so he showed us hidden away in a leafy-winding lane, invisible till you are squarely in front of it, an Inn with many gables and mossy roof and a quiet secluded air as though it held secrets: not a common inn extending you a welcome and seeking custom, not exactly repellent of it, but just shy, not asking it.

The narrow hall faced upon a shabby

room, finished with chairs of immense size and weight, and a table completely covered with carved names and initials. It was a Weinhaus, where wine is sold, but no beer. Generally speaking, in Germany, and especially in the smaller inns, wine and beer are not sold in the same places. If you want wine you go to one, if beer, to another. The wine was excellent; that clear, amber, dry wine of the Rhineland, that brings joy but no headache. And the waiter was a heart's-desire of a waiter. He told us all the traditions of the place. He deciphered the carven names on the table, among them Bismarck's and Von Buelow's; and best of all, somewhat reluctantly apparently, though that may have been affectation, told us that this was where the duels were fought, three times a week.

He showed us the great hall, decorated with flags, and banners of the Corps, its floor strewn with sawdust; and most convincing of all he showed us the operating chair with its metal-lined platform into which the blood ran. I began to believe there might be something in the dueling business. He told us that on the following morning there were to be eight duels fought commencing at nine o'clock. And finally after many demurs and much backing and filling,

agreed for a price, not too large, that we should occupy certain windows, on the second floor looking down into the dueling hall.

And so at nine o'clock the next day we found ourselves, a party of eight, in a dim second story, whose windows however commanded a perfect view of the big hall and its bloody events; for bloody they were. Laugh at them if you will, at the fantastic code that provides them, but you shall see that these duels are not child's play.

To understand the ceremony you must know that among the fraternities at Heidelberg, formed for various purposes, there are five "fighting corps," dating from the early part of the Nineteenth Century. These are the Suevia, Guestphalia, Saxo Borussia, Vandalia and Rhenania. They are distinguished by the colors of their caps; white, green, etc. Every member of these corps must fight at least three duels, unless his physical condition is such that it would be dangerous for him. He is supposed to volunteer. But if after a certain time he fails to, he is drafted by the captain of his Corps and must fight or be disgraced. The duels are arranged by the Captains of the various Corps, and take place not less than three times a week, there being not less than three duels and usually six each day.

There is no animosity between the fighters; in fact they do not know each other. No member of a White Cap Corps ever recognizes a member of the Green Caps. They never speak even in the dueling room. The only intercourse allowed between them is in the arrangements of the duels by the heads of the Corps.

If in a beer-garden two White Caps should find a table with a half a dozen vacant seats, and one occupied by a Red Cap they would not sit there. It would be a gross breach of decorum. It is



Hotel Ritter, Heidelberg

thought that the young men would not fight well if they knew each other, and so this barbarous custom forbids absolutely the interchange of courtesy, much less intimacy between young men who might otherwise be bosom friends. After a member of a corps has fought three times he is excused from further fighting unless he volunteers.

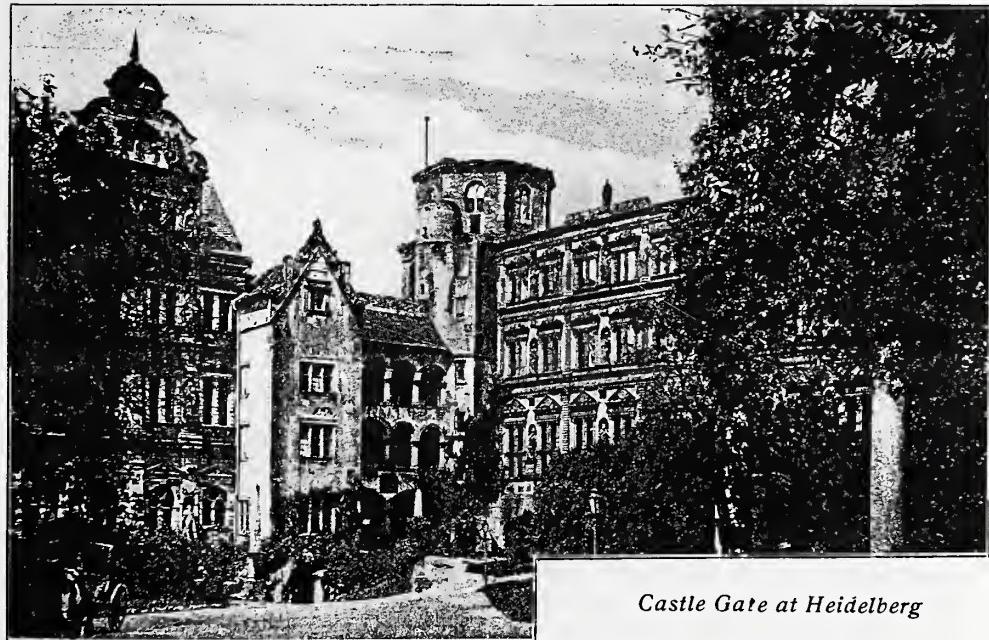
He must fight three times to hold his place in the Corps. But nine tenths of them continue to fight for the fun of it. Bismarck fought thirty-three duels thirty just for fun. Four successful fights entitles the boy to wear a brilliant scarf, a decoration as highly prized as the Black Eagle or the Iron Cross.

From week to week the duels are arranged between the heads of the Corps, the various fighters selected for each day. On a day it may be White against

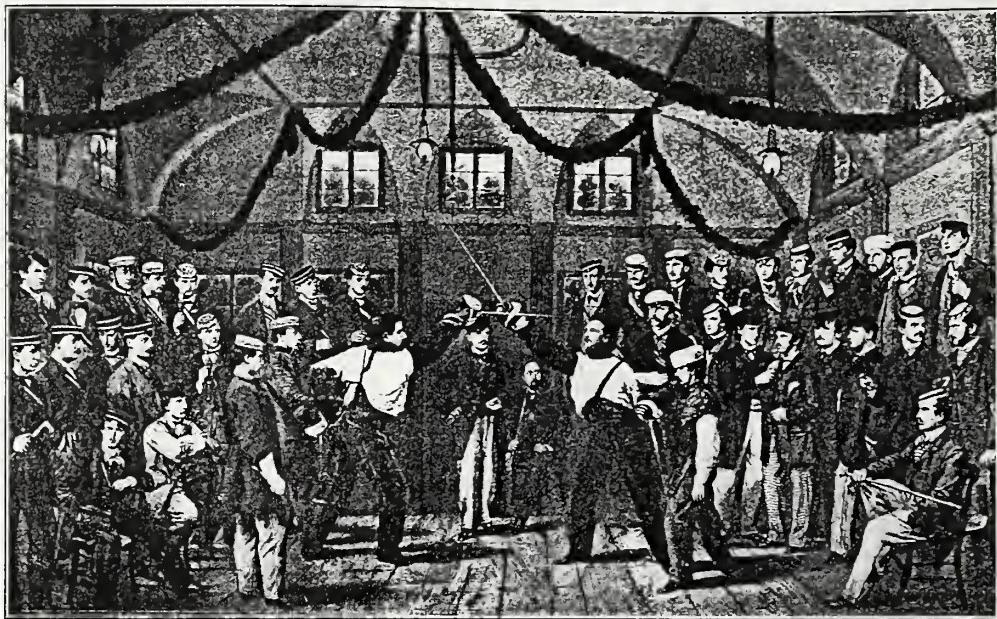
Green; the next day, Red against Blue. But throughout six months of the year three times a week, from six to eight duels take place. Once in a while outsiders who have a real quarrel and wish to settle it thus, are permitted to use the room under the rules of the Corps, some members of which are always present. And so week after week, in the old "Zum Girsch" the Inn of the Stag Street this bloody work goes on.

On our morning it was White against Green, eight duels altogether. As the young men arrived, they arranged themselves on two sides of the room. Green with Green and White with White. Neither spoke to or even noticed the presence of the other. As is always the rule in Germany where two or three are gathered together they fell at once to eating and drinking at little tables in the end of the room. At nine thirty a Green Cap and a White Cap detached themselves from their fellows and advanced to the middle of the room. Never have I seen such politeness. Not even the Japanese can exceed these young Barbarians in their courtesy. Cap in hand they bowed from the waist repeatedly and a short colloquy took place. In a moment two young men were led

out, grotesque figures. They wore heavily padded jackets, with wrappings about the throat that no sword could penetrate. The sword arm is so heavily swathed that it takes good muscle to use it. The sword has a basket hilt completely protecting the hand. Iron rimmed goggles cover the eyes, so that practically all the vital parts are completely protected. The head and face alone are exposed. As will be seen from the illustration there is no thrusting. The swords are held high and the blows are struck downward. The object is to wound the head or face. The swords are without points but are ground to a razor edge, soft enough to bend if they strike a bone, and as this frequently happens the fight must stop till the weapons are straightened. A surgeon examines each fighter carefully to see that his heart action is all right. The swords are crossed above their heads, their feet toed to a mark. Two seconds stand by the swords to strike up the fighters weapons when the umpire stops them. At least fifteen strokes must be exchanged to a round unless there is a wound. Six rounds constitute a combat, each round lasting about three minutes. After each round



Castle Gate at Heidelberg



Students' Duel

the surgeon again examines the fighters and decides whether the fight shall proceed farther.

When we saw the swords, the exposed heads and faces of the fighters, the surgical preparations, we began to feel a thrill of excitement. This was no joke, no fake; this was a real bloody fight. It was the same thrill the Roman populace felt when the lions were turned loose on a gladiator; the same that drew thousands to see Johnson whip Jeffries. Down somewhere inside of us, particularly us who are of Anglo Saxon, Germanic descent, there is a love of bloodshed. No matter how much we may be civilized there is nothing quite so fascinating as the Fighting game in any shape; something that smacks of danger. We have brought foot-ball in America, to be the most deadly game in the world. More boys are killed on the football field every year than have been killed in all the duels in Europe in a generation. All the prize fights ever held in America have not provided as many fatalities as football did in this one year just ending. And yet our squeamish authorities would not tolerate a German Students' duel a moment.

The first contestants were an exper-

iented swordsman who had fought over twenty duels and a boy who was fighting his first. It seemed unfair, but that is part of the game. They faced each other foot to foot, their swords crossed over their heads; the umpire gave the word, and quicker than the eye could follow, mere streaks of light, the swords glanced and clashed. I could not follow their movements; the blades seemed in a dozen places at once; above, below, upward, downward and side-ways the blows fell and were parried and no harm done. But wait; a lock of hair, scalp attached, perhaps the size of a dollar, floated from the novice's head and settled on the floor. Instantly the seconds struck up their swords, the round was over. A streak of red began to flow down the side of the boy's head. The surgeon examined the cut. A section of scalp had been shaved off as neatly as if by a razor. The surgeon plastered some absorbent cotton on it, threw a piece of adhesive bandage over it, took the boy's pulse, and in a moment the fight was on again.

It seemed but a second later, when a long red streak ran down the same boy's cheek. Once more the fight was stopped the cut bandaged roughly and the fight

resumed. The youngster stood it for five rounds when the surgeon announced that he had had enough. He had five wounds, one of which had slit his nose. He was bleeding from every wound till the whole front of his jacket was a mass of blood, but he had never flinched, or shown the slightest sign of pain. He was weakened though, so that two comrades had to support him to the operating chair. There the surgeon's assistant sewed up his wounds, bandaged him and in a half hour he was back among his

ning flash they struck, parried, recovered, and struck again. At the last it was a draw with only the one wound.

You will understand there was no dancing around as in the ordinary fencing match. They stand toe to toe and fight. To give back from that line, to dodge, to flinch is disgrace. You must take what you cannot ward with your sword.

So it went for nearly two hours. The other students ate and drank or watched the combats. Many of them wore

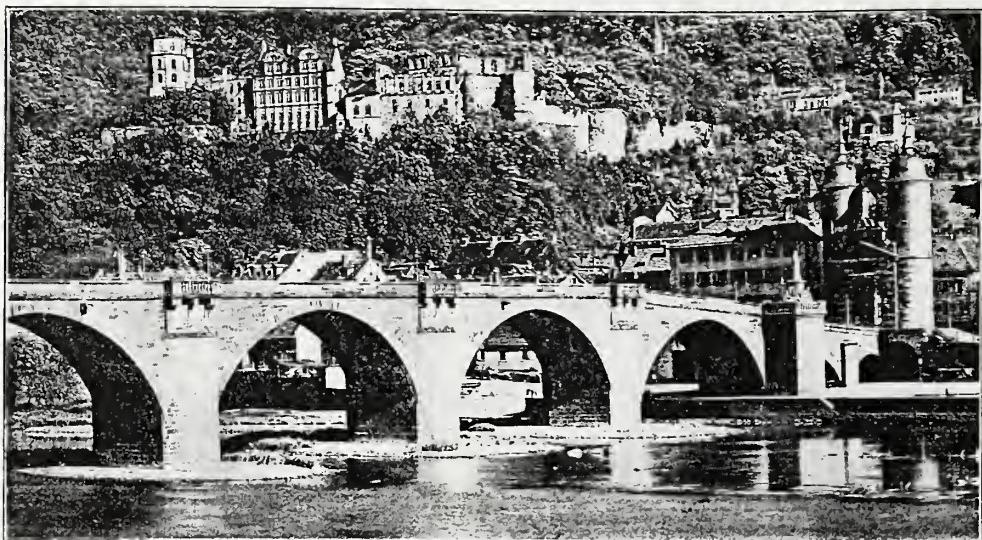


The University of Heidelberg

comrades a mass of cotton and lint, but cheerful, smiling and proud of his hurts.

The next contestants were more evenly matched and three rounds passed before there was a wound, but just as the fourth round started the sword of one severed the upper half of the ear of the other leaving beside a long cut on the side of his head. Did that stop the fight? Not at all. The piece of ear was stitched back, the hurt swiftly bandaged and they were at it again. This was the fiercest and most skillful fight of all. The swords clashed and rung, tiny sparks of flame leaped from them as they encountered. Swifter than the light-

fresh bandages from recent fights and all were more or less scarred and disfigured. One battle lasted but a moment. A fierce stroke from the sword of a tall saturnine looking fellow, glanced from an over head parry, grated against his opponent's jaw-bone, slit his mouth, extending it right up to his ear, and knocked out three teeth. Incidentally the sword was bent almost double from the force of the blow. The rush of blood disabled the wounded man and the fight stopped at once. A half hour later he was back bandaged to the eyes and sipping wine through the unwounded corner of his mouth.



Castle and Neckar Bridge, Heidelberg

After the war was over I visited the field of battle. The sawdust on the floor was soaked with blood, and the zinc-lined tank about the operating chair was not at all a pretty sight. And yet throughout the fighting, the stitching and bandaging, not one of those young barbarians had shown any more sign of emotion than a red Indian at the stake. This is another point of honor with them. To flinch, to dodge, to show pain would disgrace his Corps and he had rather die than do that.

That night at the Ritter we saw these same young men and many others, proud of their bandages, drinking and eating as though nothing had happened. And so, say the advocates of this dueling —among whom is the Emperor himself, these bloody and yet never fatal conflicts, inculcate not merely brute courage and physical skill, but they also teach self control, fortitude, forbearance, discipline, courtesy and those manly qualities that are so dear to the fighting Germanic blood.

It should be understood that this custom of the duello is not confined to Heidelberg. Nearly all the German Universities have their fighting Corps, but there are more at Heidelberg. They are older more numerous and more thoroughly recognized than elsewhere. So thoroughly is the custom established

that the swordsman who distinguishes himself at Heidelberg, will go to Jena or Bonn and engage the best those universities can produce. And it might be observed right here that a few years ago a big Kentuckian, pure U. S., was the champion of all Germany. For these Corps are not confined to Germans, but have many English and American members. In fact Heidelberg is one of the most cosmopolitan universities in the world. You may find there students from nearly every country and while few adopt the German customs to the last degree, Englishmen and Americans seem somehow to assimilate the German customs very readily.

Heidelberg is the oldest University in Germany, founded as it was by Rupert 1st. Elector Palatine, in 1356. Its real foundation dates from 1386, and it celebrated its five hundredth anniversary in 1886.

The beginnings of its Corps and its various fraternities date very far back to the Landmannschaftman, modeled on the "Nations" of Bologna and Paris. During the Thirty Years War the University had a difficult time. It was inclined to follow the Reformation and Tilly sacked the town thoroughly as Tilly always did, and sent its library to the Vatican at Rome. Frederick the Great Elector restored it, gave it a

new foundation and today it numbers 150 Professors and over 1500 students. The view given of the University is only of the main building. The modern buildings are farther down the Neckar in the New Town.

German Student life is very different from ours. Most of these young men have come from seven or eight years of the most rigid discipline, the most exacting study and examination in the various Gymnasiums of Germany. They are supposed to be Men when they enter the University. They are held to few rules, they go, come, attend the lectures or stay away as they please. The "Grinds" rush from lecture to lecture but the great body of the students are there to take some special course, round out some particular study, some branch for which Heidelberg is famous. The streets, the gardens and pleasure places are crowded with them. They speak in many tongues; they affect strange costumes, and strange manners but they are hugely entertaining. The "Ritter," the downtown hotel where our friends stopped, was their main haunt, and there night after night you will see them, the fighting Corps, scarred or bandaged, the other fraternities like the Turnschafften and Burschenschaften, and the general mass of the students. The Ritter by the way was the only building spared when the French took and sacked the town in 1693 for the third time, for Heidelberg has known the horrors of siege and sack not once, but many times.

It was the Capital of the Palatinate, taken by Tilly, then by the Swedes, then thrice by the French and each time it suffered all the horrors of war of that day.

The great Schloss, the Castle, remains today the most magnificent ruin in Europe as it was in its day the most magnificent castle.

For Heidelberg would be well worth a visit if it had no University, no students, no duels.

It is not greatly visited by tourists, its hotels are never crowded for it lies outside the main ways of travel. If you come from Switzerland through the Black Forest as many do, you leave it far to the right. If you go eastward by way of Munich and Nuremberg as

we did it takes a long detour by way of Wurtzburg and Mannheim to reach it. It lies on the Neckar just where that beautiful River debouching from its noble gorge enters the wide and fertile Valley of the Rhine. The town and castle are on the eastern bank, and the town is one long street, the Haupstrasse, with short intersecting streets running up the hill. Four hundred feet above the town stands the old Castle, still beautiful in decay, the most noble example of Renaissance architecture in Europe. The favorite seat of the Palatine Electors, it was fortified, decorated and adorned by their successive wealth and taste until when the French captured it in 1873 it was considered the most ostentatious residential palace in Europe. Its vast towers, its statued facade, the wide terrace overlooking the valley of the Neckar, its museum and library, the superb views from its terrace and towers, make it well worth a visit. We stopped at the Schloss Hotel, which stands a hundred feet higher than the castle, and believe me, a dinner on the terrace of that Hotel, with the castle below you, the many hued woods and foliage of the Palatinate, distinguished for the variety of its Flora all about, and still below the ancient town, the shining Neckar quarreling its turbulent way to the Rhine, and far beyond that the great plain of the Rhineland, is worth going far to enjoy. And then when the Moon rises over the Konigstuhl, and the noise of the murmuring river rises from below, the woods fade and the town below, the ancient bridges, even the prosaic railway tracks, are all outlined with electric lights, strings of jewels hung all up and down the narrow valley, it deserves the compliment that Mark Twain, World traveler, gives it: "the most serenely beautiful and satisfying view in all the world."

Among the treasures of the old castle is the celebrated Heidelberg Tun, 36 feet long and 24 feet in diameter, that held when full 260,000 bottles of wine, now alas empty. It was made to contain the Electors rents taken in kind, his share of all the wine grown on his vast estates. When the Palatinate fell, and the castle was destroyed the Tun was spared but the French drank the

last drop it contained and it has never been refilled.

From far and wide all over the world, the students come to drink from this Pierian Spring, and carry away with them, even though they do not join the "fighting Corps" something of that manly Germanic spirit, that exquisite courtesy that distinguishes its student

intercourse over all other colleges, as well as something of its long tradition of freedom of thought, or perfect culture, of infinite pains in study and research; that something that everywhere marks the matriculate of Heidelberg and sets him a little apart from the Alumni of all the colleges of the world.



The Winds

The wind blows hot, the wind blows wild,
Whirling o'er sandy sea;
Its ruthless sway,
And cruel way,
Doth blast the soul of me.

The wind moans loud, the wind moans cold,
Shuddering thro' the tree;
Its shiv'ry tone,
And hopeless moan,
Doth chill the heart of me.

The wind sighs soft, the wind sighs low,
Whispering o'er the lea;
A fragrance rare,
From flowers fair,
Is wafted back to me.

It sings of joy, it sings of grief;—
Moods of Heaven's decree;
A laugh, a sigh,
In passing by,—
'Tis thus with Thee and me.

—M. I. M.

Kansas Mother

Fairest among the Sisterhood of States,
Robed in thy sunflower gold of regal glory,
Born in the crimson throes of Freedom's story,
Spirit of Liberty unbarring Progress' gates—
Kansas, Mother, long as stars may shine,
Shield of the bondman, all our hearts are thine

Theatre of Action; universal stage;
Morning in the West; dawn upon thy brow,
Prophet and pioneer; fitted to endow
Sublimest thought with noblest deed, the age.
Kansas, Mother, long as seas remain,
On history's page that prophet fire shall flame.

Not fields of bannered corn in plenty dressed
Nor multitudinous industries that flare the night—
Pure souls, brave hearts, who dare to do the right,
Thy crown O Queen of the Sunset west:
Kansas, Mother, by noble sires trod,
Be Truth thy youth, thy life the breath of God.

Could we have loved thee with the larger joy,
If thou content with customs' ancient wrong,
Thine ear endeafed to thrill of Freedom's song,
Thy laurels, ashes, all thy gold alloy?
Kansas, Mother, as river to the sea,
The love of all thy children flows to thee.

Long burn thine altar fires that waxing burned
The fetters from the slave, a hero band
That knew God's Martyr-kiss, but saved the land
And entered tombs of dawn their glory earned.
Kansas, Mother, long as skies are blue,
That vestal flame shall burn in hearts as true.

Magic of Empire; mystery of plain;
Upsloping westward to the mountain bars.
Thy heart among the lowly, thy soul among the stars
Hope's rainbow 'gainst the dark of tear and pain.
Kansas, Mother, long as suns may glow,
That bow of promise shall the Nation know.

—CHARLES A. FINCH.

Kansas Magazine Prize Scenery Contest



ON THE WALNUT RIVER NEAR WINFIELD

First Prize

Photo submitted by W. C. Miller



"A COTTONWOOD
AVENUE"

One Mile West of Strong City

Second Prize

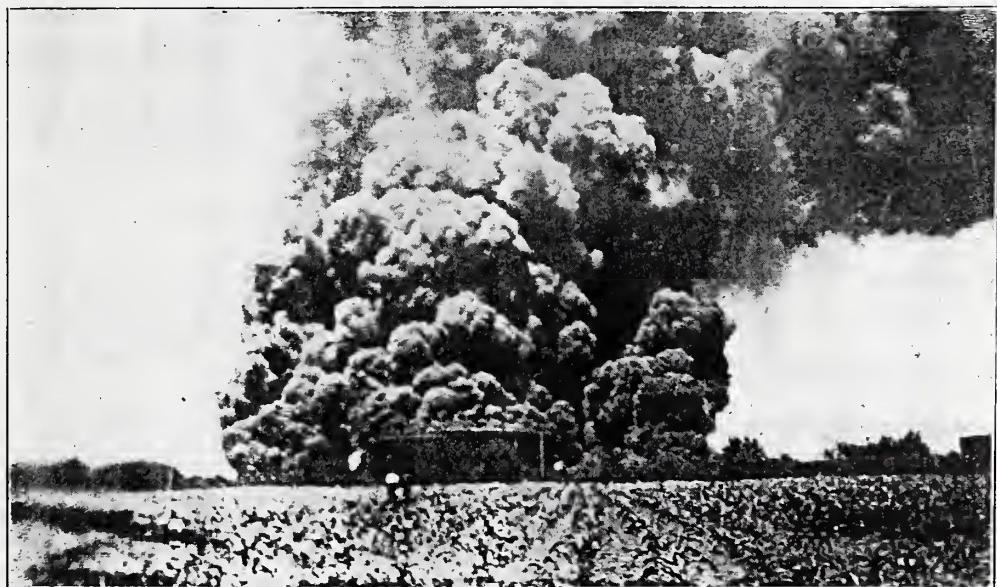
Photo by Rose Daugherty

A QUIET EVENING ON THE
WALNUT
One Mile West of Ness City



Third Prize

Photo by J. A. Elliott



THIS IMMENSE OIL TANK WAS STRUCK BY LIGHTING IN MAY 1909. THE
TANK CONTAINED 1,750,000 GALLONS OF OIL

Fourth Prize

Photo by R. Lee Wagner

Tales of a Pullman Ark

Margaret Hill McCarter, Author of

"In Old Quivera," "The Price of the Prairie," Etc.

THE broad valley of the Kaw river was threshed by the summer rains and the heavy downpour had heaped the streams to the flood mark. One wet June evening a train was cautiously and slowly feeling its way along its uncertain track up this valley. Being a railroad engineer and a river pilot at the same time has its disadvantages, and the great engine was pushed ahead with gravest apprehension on the part of the train crew.

Just as it had topped a gentle swell and started down toward a ravine on the farther side, something happened. The engine seemed to be pulled backward forcibly; there was a jerk, a wrench, a quiver; something gave way, and then settled heavily. And the train surged on down the slope, across a treacherous bridge, fairly leaping over some dangerous, soft places beyond it hidden under the waters, and began again its cautious creeping through trackless torrents. Of course the crew knew what had happened. The rain fell in sheets and the lightning played over the face of the landscape. By the unsteady glare it could be seen that the dining car and the last Pullman had been broken off in some way by that jarring shakeup on the swell and now perilous floods cut them off from the train threading its way westward in the darkness. The engineer, unable to recross that dangerous stream could only leave them high and wet but out of danger in the midst of impassable floods.

As for the Pullman passengers, they could but make the best of their position. The porter and chef from the dining car assured them of ultimate safety and present comfort, and so with a common need for companionship in such a situation they drew nearer together.

There were six passengers, all told—a Traveling Man from Kansas City who knew all the territory from the mouth of

the Kaw to the Grand Canyon, sat opposite to a white haired, soft-voiced old gentleman. One would not have guessed that the latter having all suggestion of a soft, city life had been a plainsman on the old Santa Fe trail half a century ago, and had known the rough, dangerous life of the trader in a wilderness full of peril. His courtly manners and general air of a retired gentleman gave no hint of the hardships of his young manhood.

Across the aisle sat a man of stalwart build. His beard and hair were gray and the little bronze button in the lapel of his coat told where his life struggle had been fought out. A sturdy member of that fast-failing order of the Grand Army of the Republic he was.

At the farther end of the car, three women had been grouped; the oldest of the three had the seared, hard hands and deeply lined face that tell of pioneer life in the short-grass country. Beside her sat a fair-faced, thoughtful daughter of the West. She was a writer and she looked at events in the kindly light of one to whom all phases of human experience offer capital for her calling.

Opposite the two was a typical Kansas club woman. Something in the serene expression of her face gave assurance that she was a mother, while the self-possession, and power to make the best of the situation, the mastery that comes from knowing how, betokened the woman of affairs.

These six gathered together in the middle of the Pullman, the soft-voiced old Plainsman, the Soldier of the Civil War, the cheery Commercial Traveler with the Pioneer Woman of the sod house days, the Author and the Club Woman.

"Looks like this Union Pacific ark had stranded on his prairie Ararat till some dove flies in with a cottonwood leaf."

It was the traveling man who spoke.

"The porter says we are safe up here, and that hidalgo in the diner says we are provisioned for a siege. All the same, with this rain and wind, I'm not going to sleep just yet. Let's take the census and get acquainted. And since we are storm-bound in this 'Wayside Inn' I move, we each tell a story. It will kill time at least."

These six stories that follow, as nearly as I can tell them, are the tales the flood-bound passengers told that night on the Pullman Ark. Outside the rain beat pitilessly and the sweep of angry waters growling and hissing about the debris of the flood, kept up an undertone of wrath. But the car sat firm on the iron rails and the fear of danger waned as the hours went by. The stories told were life experiences and the touch of nature that makes the world akin was in them all.

By common consent, the Traveling Salesman was selected to tell the first story.

He was propped up comfortably with pillows. In his hand was an unlighted cigar; and his general air suggested nothing unusual in his surroundings. For all one might see in his face the train was making forty miles an hour on a level, rock-ballasted road-bed.

"Strange," he mused, "how strong childish influences are. My business career is the outcome of an ideal of my childhood. Do you know what a traveling salesman's business in life is? It is to sell goods and make folks happy."

And then he told his story.

"OLD COSEN."

THE TRAVELING MAN'S STORY

"Do you men remember when you were little boys what you wanted to do when you grew up? Not what you are doing by a long way, maybe. And yet if you are doing the thing you like best isn't there something of your childish wishes tied up in it? There is in mine anyhow. Fifty years bring a good many changes besides the change from childhood to middle age. Lord! When I look back it doesn't seem possible that I can be the same person grown older."

The traveling man looked at his companions and then at the well-appointed furnishings of his berth. "But that's

another story," he began again. "Fifty years ago I was a little shaver down on a farm in Indiana. We lived on a rented place of fifty acres, three miles from a pike road or foot of gravel, and four miles from town. It was always a half day's journey to town, and it took two horses to pull any wagon that far. Mud roads! I hate 'em. They've kept more misery, and ignorance and poverty and low down morals in this country than all the other influences combined. Talk about the evils of your crowded city tenement! I claim a tenement's just Heaven compared to the isolation and loneliness and dirt and ugliness and hard work and theft of opportunity the cussed mud roads of Indiana used to be responsible for. Nothing ever put spirit into a man like moving away from one of 'em out onto the pike. Take any man today from a dinky, unfurnished little office looking out on the alley and put him on a hard wood floor with a moquet rug and a roller-top desk and clouded glass partitions, with telephone, electric fan and a revolving leather cushioned chair, and he'll know how I felt when we moved onto the pike. But that was later.

"We were poor, Oh, awfully poor, or we'd never have been living there. There were four children of us. Our house had four rooms, two downstairs and two in the half story above. You had to go through the back room to get to the front one—the spare room. The stairway went up from the kitchen. Company always went to bed first, and the family followed. The family got up first and let the company have a clear field getting down. Company didn't come half often enough for us children in that lonely little place. Lonely! Why when a team and driver went by on the road we all just *tore* to the front gate. Mother rushed to the window and if father was anywhere near the road he'd be sure to get out and stop the driver for a chat. See how lonesome we were, and how little we had to entertain us? Four tow-headed youngsters would gather shyly behind father and greedily take in every word. When the team and driver had passed on we would watch them until the trees at a bend in the road cut off the view. Then

it was a race to see who could get to the house first to tell mother every word that had been said. We always felt robbed when somebody passed and father was on the far side of the forty acres so no visiting could be listened to. Once when I was following him down a long corn furrow I caught sight of a neighbor's wagon moving slowly over the rough way.

"Hurry, father," I cried. "You can catch him at the corner if you make the horses run."

Father laughed. He didn't do that often and somehow the whole day was brighter and happier for me.

"My parents were not unkind. They were just two hard-working poor people who felt the grind of their poverty daily, and neither one was ever in really robust health. Good cheer was not a part of our daily life save as we children found it for ourselves. It was all the hard work along with those miserable mud roads that broke men and women down in health and spirits."

The Traveling Man paused a moment.

"I give notice now," he went on to say, "that when this flood goes down, no kind farmer hereabouts is going to haul me across the country through the mud. No sir: I'll sit here till the road goes into the hands of a receiver, before anything but an engine on the Union Pacific pulls this ark off of its wet Ararat here."

"Being poor as we were, the problem of food, clothing and shelter shut out all the problems of civic improvement and aesthetic culture and that sort of thing. That was fifty years ago now mind you. In the whole house there were only two pictures on the walls. One was a picture of a girl with her arms full of flowers, an inane looking piece of baby flesh supposed to represent Innocence. And it was innocent enough in all conscience. The glass over the picture had been broken and a piece of it was gone. One round, white arm and the flower-decked hat, and the full old-fashioned dress were yellow and dust stained. But the face with the marvelous red lips and cheeks and black awfully curly hair, and most of the flowers had been saved under the glass. We children reveled in that picture although we could not see it

well. Like the other one of our two pictures it was hung high up on the wall because the nail was already there. This other picture was a belligerent, be-whiskered likeness of General Thomas of the Army of the Tennessee. It had a black walnut oval frame with grapes in carved relief on it. Oh, it was rich! Upon the what-not was a daguerreotype of grandfather and grandmother, and of the baby uncle who was dead.

"Our library—there was the family bible, the life of some English preacher, a little faded volume of Cowper's verses and the almanac. We never went to school much until after we moved upon the pike, and our few school books were worn almost to tatters by much usage in the long, long winter days and nights in that lonely desolate place.

"I'm giving you this picture," the Traveling Man paused to remark, "and it is not quite so sombre as the reality, that you may understand the wonderful influence that some things had over me. All my life I have loved a good laugh. It is nature's own make of the best tonic in the world's market."

One could believe this of the storyteller. His round smooth face had only dimples for the wrinkles of fifty years, marking the high-tide of his jolly laughter.

"I don't know why that neighborhood was always heavy and dull and sad, unless, as I say, it was the hard grind of the daily life.

"But we children had one joy a pleasure we counted on, delighted in, remembered and talked about, and then anticipated again with keenest zest, and that was the irregular quarterly visits of Old Cosen. Old Cosen was a bluff quaint pack-peddler who made that country-side from time to time. After all the pack-peddler was the forerunner of the commercial traveler, and I can never think of him otherwise. Of the few bright places in my lonely childhood the brightest have Old Cosen in the spot light.

"He never came until nearly dark, and never on the nights when we children looked for him. So he was always a surprise. It seemed to us that he was especially due on rainy nights. How that dreary little house did change

when he came in. It was like this: Just at dusk, a knock at the kitchen door. All four of us rush to open it, and there in the wet, his oilskin cap dripping, his big oil-cloth-covered pack glistening, his round red face glowing, was Old Cosen.

"Can I get lodgin' here tonight?"

"He never varied the form. How father and mother did thaw out at the sound of that voice! The house seemed to grow warm and cheery at once. A smile crept up ready for every face there. Old Cosen wasn't a guest. He paid for his night's keep. He wasn't a friend for he was only a pack-peddler, and therefore of a grade somewhere down, I don't know where. But no guest nor friend could have been more welcome.

"Mother always set out preserves at supper for the meal was paid for. Father kept a warm fire and the stair door was left open that the heat might reach even the cold spare room upstairs. And that insured a warm bed room for the family.

"There was talking and laughing all through the supper. Then came the long evening by the wood fire. Old Cosen had a store of funnier tales than I have ever heard since. And he knew what was going on in the world, for he came out of the city every three months to us. It was like the coming in of the over due mail packet to the miners of the Klondike in the breaking up of the ice in the Yukon, this message from the world beyond us. Telephones, rural free delivery, good roads for automobiles—Oh, the world has moved some in forty years! Eagerly we swallowed every word. We were like hungry birds when Old Cosen came.

"Of course we were sent to bed after a while, but we lay wide awake, straining our ears to catch each word, and chuckling softly with every guffaw of Old Cosen's downstairs. Breakfast the next morning was a repetition of supper. Father was never in a hurry to get to the field when the peddler was with us. After breakfast came the opening of the precious pack. Open-mouthed we stood about mother's knee while the oil cloth wrappings were carefully unbuttoned and folded back. Then the boxes were taken up one by one and carefully

opened. Hamberg edging, fine and coarse combs, thread, scissors, needles, paper and envelopes, jewelry, thimbles, razors and suspenders, beeswax and Ayers' pills, little testaments, and brass-headed tacks, whalebone stays, powder for chicken lice, pearl beads. Oh, the wealth of a Rockefeller was in Old Cosen's pack. The most beautiful riches were all laid out before us. Little shoulder shawls and silver shawl pins, and remnants of ribbons and silks, with towels and table linen of pure Irish for it read so on the label. These were in the inner packet, the Holy of Holies in that burden of merchandise that would put to shame that cargo for which Antonio mortgaged a pound of flesh to old Shylock.

"How greedily we devoured the contents of that pack with eyes that let nothing escape. And Old Cosen never forgot us. Let us look as long as we chose at what mother forbade us to touch. Always a box was just empty and the children could have it. The pretty gilt and colored labels on the Irish linens he pulled off carefully for us. And once—Oh joy of the Gods! it was a thimble case, pink-lined with cotton flannel and a glass lid tied on with pink cotton ribbon. That box set on the what not in the parlor till I was twenty, with my grandfather's silver watch seal and a lock of my dead baby sister's hair in its keeping.

"Our delight in Old Cosen was not alone in his treasure pack and in his breath of life from the outside world. It was in his cheery laugh and kindly nature. The good will toward men that possessed his soul. Ignorant he was, and only average thrifty in his humble trade, following a life of many hardships. Yet, I believe, there is a big place in heaven for him, for the sunshine he carried down into that Indiana mud-roads country of loneliness and hard-handed poverty, forty years ago.

"What are we in the world for?" he would ask sometimes. 'To make folks happy and do business.' That's it—'Do business and make everybody happy.'

"These words took root in me long before I fully understood them or dreamed that my work in life would be governed by the same principle.

"Of all his visits one stands out ever-

more in my memory. It was one of the last he ever made. I know now that his pack had grown smaller from time to time. I did not miss anything then but I can remember everything he carried on each trip. You know the child-mind is keen, and I had few pleasures to fill up my memory. It is easy to figure out that he was growing older, less able to take long trips, and gradually there was smaller demand for his wares, as people began to get about more. Better roads made the pack-peddler unnecessary. But what would our childhood have been without Old Cosen? His clothes grew shabbier, and more worn. Once he lingered half a day with us while mother mended his coat and darned his hose. That was a glorious half day for us, four little bare-foot, tanned, freckled youngsters. He lay out under the trees and told us stories of birds and bees and squirrels, stories Thompson-Seton and Jack London might have envied. That day began for me the humane society for prevention of cruelty to animals. Every bird and bee and bug has had a personality since then. And all the while the philosophy of being cheerful—and of making the world happier—the new thought cult of 1900 and now ran through his stories and his sage advice to us.

"Do business, and make folks feel good, that's my line every day" he declared.

"But to come back to that one visit of all visits. All the fall we children had been awaiting his coming. November crept by with its chilly dull days and dreary quiet nights. Father was not nearly so well that fall and work was a burden heavier than ever. We had had poor crops too and every farmer's child learns early just what that means. It is the dolefullest note the country children ever hear. It means the shutting out of dreams of better things, of pretty home fixings, and of little cheap but longed for luxuries. We were poorer than ever that year. It became fixed in our childish minds that if old Cosen could only come everything would get better, so hungry were we for the spirit of sunshine and hope. But he did not come.

"I expect the old fellow is dead," my father said one evening. "Four little long-faced youngsters climbed up the back stairs that night and sobbed themselves to sleep. Talk about slumps in the market, or business failures, or money panics. That night we went bankrupt on our only capital—hope.

"December brought colder, wetter, drearier days, but it did not bring our pack peddler. And at last Christmas Eve came round. That meant nothing to us. I tell you it was forty years ago down in the mud roads country in central Indiana. In all his years old Santa Claus never took to the mud roads with his rein-deers. We had never hung a stocking by the fire place, had never surprised each other with Christmas gifts. The only celebration of the day mother made. On Christmas morning she always fried flap-jack pies filled with dried peaches. That hidalgo back in the dining car is fixing us up a luncheon fit for a king right now. But if it could only taste half as good as mother's flap-jack pies, his tip from me would surprise him and the House I represent.

"This Christmas Eve settled down gloomily enough. Father crippled with rheumatism had hobbled in from his chores, and supper was almost ready when a knock at the door startled us--as it always did. It was Old Cosen. He was thinner, and his step was shuffling. But his laugh was no less cheery and frequent that it ended in a cough. He brought the sunshine in as he came through the door and the outlook on life changed for us in a twinkling.

"That was the happiest Christmas Eve I ever knew. The fire crackled, the kitchen fairly beamed in its warmth, and everybody had a glad heart. Mother let us sit up late that night. It was Old Cosen himself who finally sent us off to bed.

"How dy'e reckon old Santy'll ever git down that there chimblly with all you settin' round?" he asked us. "Better hustle to bed if ye expect to git a visitation tonight."

"Santa Claus! That was a line we never had followed. His Christmas gifts had no place in our lives. It was Old Cosen, poor ignorant old pack-peddler who first brought him to us.

Long he sat and told us stories of the good old saint, my father and mother listening as intently as we did to his quaint entertainment. Then he took four little yarn stockings and hung them by the old fire place jambs.

"Now you git to bed *and* to sleep. If you keep awake he'll never come, I tell ye."

"We scuttled away to bed, but how could we sleep even if wakefulness did keep this wonderful Santa Claus away? What would he bring us? Would he find us so far from the pike road? Could Old Cosen know for sure? At last we fell asleep.

"Down stairs something more wonderful still was going on. When we had left the older people Old Cosen turned to my father.

"Mister," he said, "Ye're not gittin' much out of things, air ye?"

"My father shook his head and sighed.

"That's jest about what I thought. I've ben comin' down in these parts year after year, an' I says to myself, says I, "that man's needin' of a change." I haint comin' down here much any more. I'm gittin' too old most, fur this bad weather, an' it's so bad underfoot down here."

"My father and mother looked wearily into the fire. Even the pack-peddler was going to desert.

"But I kinder like this country fur the people, know'd 'em so long. An' I says, says I, "I'll go down there onct more." It come like a spasm somewhat, that I'd come down here Christmas time. Ye see I've only got one relation. She's a niece an' got a house full of childern. Ever year I've ben Santy fur 'em sence they was born. This year her man got a raise an' I says, "Malindy," that's her name fur my wife. Wife allus was mighty nigh crazy about little Malindy. I says, says I, "Malindy, I'm goin' to let your man take my job of bein' Santy Claus fur the childern this year'n I'll go down to where I know four youngins, bright youngins they be as ye ever see. I'll take my leetle offerin' to them."

"All right, Uncle Cose," Malindy, she says, never 'was a nicer natured critter, "You jest go on. We'll do splendid this year."

"Now I haint got much myself. All my this world's goods is in that there pack, but, "sell goods, an' make folks happy," that's my motto. An' I put a few pennies into some Christmas things fur these youngsters stockin's. Comin' down I thought I'd say to you an' the missus I'd brought you two my good will an' hopes fur prosperin'. Hope is the best thing ye can give away. Don't make ye no poorer an' jest makes other folks double richer. But, Mister, I got hold o' somethin' in the nature of a Christmas gift ef it suits ye an' ye look at it that way.

"I was jest a-leavin' the pike when the man 't owns the little farm jest this side o' the mill on the neardest crick, he stops me an' he says, "Cosen," He's know'd me longer'n you hev. "Cosen," he says, says'e, "I'm out o' luck. The renter on this farm he dies last week sudden, an' his wife took the remains back to Ohio fur interment, you might say, an' she writes she's goin' to stay there with her folks." Ye see, the man 't owned, the farm, he stocked it. "Now," says'e, "can ye git me a good renter quick? Ye know ever'body round here. Can't ye get one up here? Ef ye know a good fambly that'll come right in next week, send 'em on."

"An' I says, says I, "I b'lieve I do know jest who you want."

"Now, Mister, if ye want to better yourself, git out onto the pike where ye're nearer to mill, an' the school an' the meetin' house, jest a quarter of a mile down the road, an' good neighbor nearder'n that, now's your chanct. It's only a couple of miles to town, an' one hoss's all ye'll need gittin' there."

"That was a Christmas gift for a peer of the realm to envy, and its medicinal properties for rheumatism are unrivaled. The kitchen was warm next morning, an unusual thing with us. in the winter mornings, and four happy yet uncertain children tumbled down stairs half dressed to find if Old Cosen's story could really be true.

"There hung four stockings, each showing signs of having been worked upon. One orange—real—and one big uneatable candy apple with a blushing side and a deadly green paper apple leaf stuck to its stem; these were com-

mon to us all. And to all and several were three old-fashioned fat sticks of mint candy apiece, the kind that were kept in glass jars on store keeper's shelves. Then there was no end of pretty fabric labels saved up for us. And for my little brother, a little tin whistle; for my sisters, each a tiny china doll, four inches long, maybe. And for me, oh, joy unspeakable! three good lead pencils with erasers on every one, and as a crowning gift a worn yellow-backed paper bound illustrated copy of Robinson Crusoe.

"Was ever a Santa Claus so generous to poor people before? In our childish happiness we thought that it was our pleasure that made father and mother so cheery that morning. For there never had been such a Christmas morning down in that mud-frozen land before.

"My mother would take nothing from Old Cosen's pack that morning in payment for his night's lodging. A neighbor, who had come over to borrow a whetstone, he had planned to chop wood all day, somehow caught the spirit of the occasion. When the old peddler made his house that afternoon—there was company for dinner—he found a sale for goods amounting to five whole dollars, such a sale as Old Cosen had not made in one house twice in his life.

"I told you it put spirit into a man to get up on the pike" The Traveling Man said after a pause. "It was the beginning of better things for us. The old peddler ceased his rounds, and with most who had known him he was forgotten. But to me he was always very real and I longed to know where he had gone and what he had done. But most of all I treasured his 'system,' 'Business and good will.' It is the traveling man's creed. By it alone can he find success. In the great commercial life of our country we fellows on the road are after all much like Old Cosen. We must sell our wares and keep the wheels turning for everybody. But the man who sells the most is the one who, like the old pack-peddler, carries the heart of summer into the chill and gloom of winter, who makes a man feel good while he deals with the representative of the firm.

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"With the years upon the pike came school and church and a little country literary society. Then came the academy in town, and college later. I was in our House some years before I took to the road to keep my health. The House was too close for a country boy like me. One day a poor old bent man shuffled past the office boy and into my office. He was feeble and poverty stricken, yet his face had a sort of pleasant look that made one willing to listen to him.

"'I haint no beggar' he began, 'I want to git work. They're goin' to send me to the poor house 'cause I'm old an' got no means. But I can work a little yet. Couldn't you let me do somethin' to earn my way a little longer? When I can't do a thing, then I'll quit.'

"It was Old Cosen. Eighty years he had known, and his struggle had been a brave one. He was only of the pack-peddler grade of ability, and they do not ornament society. Yet all the memory of my own hard childhood came over me. And all the recollection of that Christmas Eve, its stockings holding such treasures, and the chance to get out of the wilderness that it brought to my father, it swept my soul clean from business narrowness.

"'Old Cosen,' I cried, 'we can give you work. Of course, we can. No poor house for you, old man.'

"We kept him in light janitor service for two years. Faithfully as his feeble strength would allow he served us in the House. And then we pensioned him. Yes, part of it was my own salary, but who cares? For four serene years he lived in the sunset of his days, all his simple wants supplied. And always, as in the time of my childhood, he kept the bright hopeful look at life, that after all, can make it most worth while.

"We buried him decently in the city cemetery, and on a little stone at his head is cut,

'OLD COSEN'

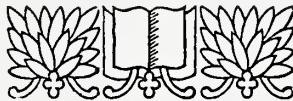
'To sell goods and make folks happy—that's my business.'

"It has been the motto of my business life," the Traveling Man added.

"When I was a little shaver my ideal

was Old Cosen. My ambition when I grew up was to be a pack-peddler like him. I know now it was not the hard work, not his slow laying up of pennies and nickles to buy again and sell again that attracted me. Nor was it the long tramp over muddy ways and

through weed-grown lanes. It was the charm of doing something, of turning goods I had bought into value again, coupled with that greater charm of making people feel good. That's the best thing of all. And by that token every traveling man may measure himself."



Song of the Dollar

(A Parody)

Reward of human energies am I;
On my footsteps grafters calmly wait;
Office and shop I know, I desecrate
Temple and altar and shrine, and passing by
Cabin and tent and mansion, soon or late,
I cause a mighty rush to every gate;
Asleep, they wake, or, feasting, rise before
I turn to go; is it the hour of fate,
And they who capture me reach every state
That fools could wish, and conquer every foe,
Save death. But they who stand and hesitate,
Condemned to life of penury and woe,
Call me in vain, and uselessly they "roar,"
I heed them not, they see my smile no more.

—J. M. WALSH.

Political Advertising

By Z. G. Hopkins

MANY of us have at times indulged in conjecture as to the impression modern mechanical appliances, business methods and social conditions would make on our grand-sires, three or four times removed, were they permitted to revisit the scenes of their earthly activities. In those conjectures, it is altogether likely that we have fallen somewhat short of conception of the probable mental operations of, say Benjamin Franklin, were he to return to this terrestrial sphere and find his way lighted by a modern arc light.

The emotions of Isaac Stephenson, again in the flesh, in contemplation of a Twentieth Century locomotive, or of Robert Morris, Revolutionary banker and patriot, observing the management and methods of one of the great business or financial enterprises of today, can probably be better imagined than transcribed. It is a far cry from their day to ours. Naturally conditions and methods have changed tremendously.

However, the changes in conditions and methods have not all been in the world of business and industry. There have been changes, just as marked, in public life, in politics and political methods. Just by way of contrast, can you accurately imagine the consternation with which "the Father of Our Country" would view the fierce light of publicity which to day beats upon almost every official action and private doing of a Twentieth Century President?

People who know much of the political careers of the men who had large figures in the history of the first Century of this republic, and who likewise have a working knowledge of present day politics, are likely to agree that Jefferson, or either Adams, or Andrew Jackson, reincarnated, would probably have little taste for the public life of today, and that without a big change in their methods, if slight indulgence in the

popular vernacular be permitted, neither would they "get to first base" in a political contest these days with "the Colonel" or our own Stubbs.

For fear that the foregoing, as well as what is to follow, may be construed as an attack on modern methods of political publicity, let it be understood right here that the intention is otherwise. It is intended in this article only to point out some of the changes that have come in methods, with reference solely to the efficiency of the new way of advertising politically in getting results for present day politicians, without more than necessary and obvious inferences as to the sincerity and patriotism of men whose names may be mentioned. Let it be assumed, on the hypothesis that the men who accomplished great things in American history were practical; that if Jefferson, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln, or Grant were alive to-day they would adopt present day methods of publicity.

It is altogether likely, however, that it would take the great politicians and statesmen who have gone to their rewards, or their punishments, whichever way you want to figure it, some time to adjust themselves to the necessity that the candidate for public favor in these piping times of prosperity and politics finds for including in his campaign equipment a Publicity Department with adequate terminal facilities. It is also likely that some of the old timers would get a licking or two before they had readjusted themselves.

Public men of all times in this country have naturally been dependent for continuance in power and influence upon popular favor. Certainly they have at all times sought public approval and probably they have all adopted such means of publicity as were at hand. That is all that our Twentieth Century crop of candidates, or rather those of them who are right up-to-date, are

doing. Just using the means at hand.

In the older days confidence in public men was largely generated in the minds of the voters through experiments with their administrations of public affairs. Means of nation wide, state-wide, and even county-wide communication were far from efficient. Present day facilities for the rapid dissemination of political information, or other information, were almost entirely lacking. So it was that men in public life were mostly judged upon their alignment than their individuality. There was more of sticking close to organization behind broad general principles than to following individual leaders. The success or failure of administrations was largely gauged by general results. Newspapers and other periodicals of general circulation, as we know them, showing up or pretending to show up public affairs and public men in all details, were not published.

Little was printed in the current reading of two or more decades ago of the private life and character of public men. The old-time politician was unacquainted with the vogue under which chance use of a slang phrase by a great public figure would be exploited in all the newspapers of the land. Nowadays, our newspapers and magazines are much given up to matter concerning the private lives of public men, their habits, their likes and dislikes, what they think or say they think about a multitude of subjects that the public may be interested in.

You can set it down too, that most of these men in public life shape their private and official actions after contemplation of the manner in which the fickle public may receive those actions. Do not understand it to be meant that prospective loss of public favor will deter most men in public life from doing what they know to be right. The writer believes the reverse to be true. But the spectre of the loss of popularity is ever in the mind of the man in public life. The same spectre has been with the public men of all times in America, though it may be more impressive now that it is so easy for the whole country to learn what some public man has or has not done.

It is this continual publicity, penetrat-

ing into the every doing of official life, that would first strike with consternation an old time politician or statesman. However, consternation is hardly the word to describe the emotions with which he would likely view the system by which the real up-to-date candidate for public favor sees to it that the light of publicity does continually beat upon him.

Until very recently, it has been the fashion for public men to affect fear of newspaper publicity. The up-to-date public man courts publicity. He makes it his business to see that he frequently breaks into the daily papers, "top of column, next to pure reading matter." Nowadays, when a President, a great legislator, or a Governor who is up-to-the minute in understanding of the times, starts away from home on an official or semi-official journey, he takes the newspaper writers and photographers along with him and gives them every opportunity and convenience for furnishing the public full and detailed information at breakfast and dinner each day of every little happening and circumstance of the journey. Can you imagine Andrew Jackson doing that?

Don't think though that the public doesn't want to be given this information. It does. The men who make the daily newspapers of America come nearer knowing what the American people want to read twice a day than any other set of men alive. That's their business. The real up-to-date politician is the fellow who knows what the public wants through the newspapers and cooperates to furnish it.

However, commonplace, conventional doings and sayings do not afford material for good newspaper copy. It is the unusual, the startling, perhaps the sensational that makes the best news, the news that will attract most attention and interest most people. So it is that newspaper representatives are always glad to find stories that will chronicle unusual and startling incidents or declarations.

Men in public life understand this thoroughly. Those of them who are up-to-date in political methods so conduct themselves as to take advantage of it. For instance, the writer recalls a



"Can you picture the 'Silent Grant' unexpectedly embarking on an Aerial Journey?"

complaint made to him several years ago by the management of a newspaper for which he was acting as correspondent at the Capitol. "You are boosting—too much," mentioning the name of a certain state officer then often in the headlines, was the complaint. "Can't help it, if I send you the news," was the reply.

"He pulls off something spectacular or sensational in the way of news every day or two. Much of it may be buncombe, but it is news." No one knew better than this particular state officer that he was so handling himself as to get lots of beneficial publicity. He was just one of the up-to-date politicians who has learned to keep himself before the public eye in a favorable light. The type with which he is classified knows not only how to get beneficial publicity for themselves but they know too how to contribute toward giving their rivals damaging publicity and they are on the job every minute. They know how to turn every private and public doing that is not in itself reprehensible to their own newspaper advantage. It is this phase of modern politics that the old time public man would be slow to grasp. For instance, can you picture "the Silent Grant" unexpectedly embarking on an aerial journey, under such circumstances

as would attract the attention of the entire civilized world to his exploit?

It is only in the last few years that our politicians, like our business men, have learned the great advantages of publicity properly directed. But those of them who have learned the lesson have learned it well. It would be surprising to the general public to know the organizations some of the most popular public men have formed for the purpose of advertising in a political way. Of course, public men figure in a great many happenings that are exploited in the newspapers without co-operation on the part of the man who benefits from the publicity, but the up-to-date fellows are always ready to co-operate.

Over at Springfield, Illinois, the old home of Abraham Lincoln, where Lincoln stories are as thick as reformers in a Kansas legislature, they tell of an incident which would make great copy for the newspapers of to-day were one of our great men to figure in anything of the kind.

While on his way from his residence to his office at Springfield one morning, after he had been elected President but before he had been inaugurated, Lincoln's attention was attracted to a little girl seated on a trunk on the sidewalk in front of a vacant house. She was

sobbing disconsolately. Lincoln, so the story goes, engaged her in conversation and learned that she was an orphan. She had been living with a family that had just moved out of the vacant house but was going to make her home with relatives in a near-by county. Arrangements had been made for a wagon to come after the little girl and her trunk and take them to the railroad station in time for a train then almost due. But there had been a slip some way and the wagon had not come.

The child was terrified for fear that she would miss the train and her relatives who would look for her on that train. After listening to the story, the President-elect is related to have said:—"Well, my child, you shan't miss your

train. I'll take you to the station."

So hoisting the trunk to his shoulder and steadying it with one hand and leading the little girl with the other, he trudged to the station, carrying the trunk. What a glorious opportunity such an incident would be for the political press agents of a modern President-elect, candidate for President, Governor or any other great office? Columns would be written about it. The child would be interviewed. All her relatives would be given opportunity to talk through the newspapers. A thousand and one pictures would be printed in the papers and magazines showing the progress of that march to the railroad station. The dignitary who carried the trunk, or some of his practical representatives, would likely see to it that if it so happened that there were no newspaper reporters on the ground they were speedily informed of the happenings. But in Lincoln's time the general public never learned through the papers of this striking demonstration of the kindness and democracy of a great man. It is different nowadays when a presidential



"What a glorious opportunity for the press agents of a Modern President-Elect"

game of golf or tennis is an excuse for headlines in the newspapers.

Very few of the newer figures of prominence in public life are without press bureaus of one sort or another. A great many men who have been long in public life are pretty well equipped in this direction, but as a rule it is the newer men in politics who are most skillful at using the news columns of the daily papers to their own political advantage. The principals may not personally direct the work of these publicity bureaus, but usually they have quite accurate knowledge of their existence and workings, and ordinarily they spend more or less money in their maintenance. The detail may be arranged for and looked after by some confidential friend, but the new type of politician or statesman is careful to have his sayings and doings, his plans and his peculiarities frequently and regularly chronicled in the newspapers, with almost their every movement timed and trimmed with a view to the political effect the press report of the movement will have.

No political campaign headquarters equipment these days is complete without a press bureau. In olden times it was the habit to depend on party papers but most of the candidates for important public places these days have arrangements made that their individual needs will be looked after in an individual way through the papers. They figure on doing things and saying things in such a way as to bring them favorable publicity. Obviously, it will bring the candidate nothing to advertise himself as common place or conventional. So it is that the new crop of candidates attempts to keep out of the beaten path. The new type of candidate seeks to educate the voters to the notion that his integrity, devotion to public duty and knowledge of public questions is of a startling and unusual character.

Kansas, always abreast of the times, has several public men who were quick to take advantage of the new system of political publicity. Of course, Theodore Roosevelt is the master. He set the first patterns and no one in America knows so well as he how to keep himself continually in the public eye in a manner beneficial to him politically. But

from the outset he has had apt pupils in Kansas.

Victor Murdock is perhaps the most apt. Murdock has kept himself mighty well advertised ever since he broke into public life. An old newspaper man himself, he knows news and he knows too how to make news. Few men, in public life would have gotten as much personal advertising out of his discovery regarding the mail weighing system as did Victor Murdock. That advertising did Victor a world of good and need have harmed no one else. Why then should Murdock be censured for helping himself to great credit for what he had done?

Governor Stubbs is another Kansan who appreciates the benefits of newspaper publicity to the fullest extent. However, the Governor's work is sometimes a trifle coarse as compared to that of the Congressman from the Eighth district. But the Governor has an organization that sees to it that he does not fail to get credit in the newspapers for the things he does that he considers will prove popular. He has had such an organization from the outset of his political career although it is more efficient now than ever before. As far back as 1905, when he was Speaker of the House of Representatives, he maintained a press bureau.

John Dawson, attorney to the Board of Railroad Commissioners, and the members of the Board, had not as clear an understanding of modern political publicity methods as the Governor, otherwise they would not have permitted Stubbs to run away with practically all the credit, in the popular mind, for the agreement the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company entered into some time ago to bring its lines in Kansas to something like a standard condition.

Dawson and the Board did most of the work, actually. The Governor co-operated with them, of course. But the point is that Dawson had the matter practically closed up before the public knew that Stubbs was taking part at all, or much of anything else about it for that matter. But the Governor handled the final closing of the agreement in such a way as to make "hot stuff" for the news columns of the daily papers and it is he who gets present credit for

bringing the Missouri Pacific to time.

There are a great many men in public life, powerful through a long stretch of years, who have not learned the new way. Some of them say that they do not want to learn it and that it is employed only by demagogues. Wherever you find a politician of this type you are likely to find also a politician who is slipping in power, popularity and influence. He is being outstripped by rivals who are using the tools at hand, taking advantage of the public demand for knowledge of what is going on.

Kansas too has some examples of this type. Men who have accomplished things in public life that would have greatly strengthened them if properly exploited. Frequently, they have lost ground through the skill of their rivals in showing them up to a bad advantage when there were chapters in their own records which would have offset the damage the onslaughts of their enemies had done them.

Take for instance the case of J. M. Miller, in August defeated for renomination as the Republican candidate for Congress in the Fourth district. Miller knows next to nothing about how to keep himself in the public eye in a favorable light. Instead, he seems to have a faculty of getting in bad with the newspapers. However, Miller took one stand in Congress that would have made him immune from attack as a creature of Cannon and "the interests" had he or some of his friends taken advantage of it at the right time.

Miller was formerly chairman of the House committee on claims to which was referred the bill carrying an appropriation to pay the Salton Sea claim of the Southern Pacific railroad company for several million dollars. The claim grew out of work done by the Southern Pacific company, then controlled by the late E. H. Harriman, to protect a large region in Southern California from the encroachment of an inland sea, known as the Salton Sea.

The work was done across the line in Mexico. Prior work done by the Southern Pacific company is said to have been responsible for the condition from which relief was sought. Before the relief work was done, President Roose-

velt had been appealed to for government aid in meeting the emergency. There were no government funds available for the relief work. President Roosevelt in turn appealed to E. H. Harriman, with whom he was then friendly, Harriman having only recently made a substantial contribution to the Roosevelt campaign fund.

President Roosevelt wired Harriman that it was his "imperative duty" to do the work necessary to afford the desired relief, stating that he would in his message take up with Congress the matter of the future control of the source of the trouble, which was on Mexican soil. Harriman had the work done. He seemed to regard the executive telegram as a pledge that the government would ultimately reimburse the Southern Pacific for the money expended.

Accordingly, a claim later came before Congress for several million dollars on this account. The President recommended that the claim be allowed. It was referred to Miller's committee. The committee investigated the claim. Much testimony was taken regarding the matter and it is now all in printed form. Government engineers were sent to the Southwest to examine the work done. Their report was to the effect that the railroad company was claiming more by over a million dollars than the work had cost. It seems that the members of Miller's committee were agreed that the claim would not be reported for passage. It was not.

President Roosevelt sent for Miller and insisted that the claim would be paid, becoming quite angry at the insistence of the latter that the railroad company was asking for at least a million dollars more than had been expended. Miller also pointed out that the work was done on Mexican soil and that United States had no way of protecting itself against the work being torn out after it was paid for.

Harriman's representatives continued to insist that the claim be paid in full and President Roosevelt stood with them. The President later discussed the matter with Speaker Cannon and enlisted his support with Miller. The Kansas Congressman told the Speaker that if his course as chairman of the committee was

embarrassing to the Speaker that he would resign the chairmanship but that he would fight the claim on the floor of the House. The facts were that Miller had gone as deeply into the claim as any representative of the government and he was convinced that there was a million dollars of graft in the bill. He did not propose to be a party to the graft. The claim was not paid and is still pending. By his course Miller lost the friendship of President Roosevelt. Incidentally, he was later removed from his place at the head of that claims-committee.

What a story a good press agent would have made of it? How Kansas could have been swayed to pride in the spunk of the Kansan standing out down there at Washington against the President, the Speaker and the greatest railroad influence in the country? But it never got into the newspapers to any great extent. Miller really exhibited a high order of political courage. But he was too blamed modest about it. Politically it never did him any good. Of course he likely enjoyed the consciousness of having done his duty, but it didn't do anybody but Miller's political enemies any particular good for him to keep it a secret.

Would a real up-to-date statesman follow Miller's course? Not on your life. Instead he would send for the reporters, and if they came in response to his summons he would tell them all about the struggle he was making against the powers of Wall Street to save a million or so dollars of the "plain pee-pul's" money. And if the reporters didn't come to see him, he would go to see them. The chances are though that he would handle the whole thing in such a way as to have the newspaper reporters and photographers falling over themselves to get to him. Certainly he would see to it that the people of the whole country were informed as to his devotion to their interests. The people wouldn't have been any worse off either. The people are glad to know these things.

Men in positions of public trust are not any less useful as public servants because of their skill in keeping their best side, or their most popular side, exploited. A useful public servant certainly should not be criticized because

he takes steps that will advertise him and keep him in the public position where he may continue in usefulness. The popularity of most of the politicians who use modern methods of publicity indicates that the public does not resent it. The increasing number of public men, or politicians, for most public men are politicians in a degree or they do not last long in public life, who employ modern methods of publicity, just as do successful merchants, is evidence that the politicians like the system too.

Of course this new system of political advertising is yet in its infancy. Political advertising systems are by no means as well developed as are those of business advertising. The amusement people, for whom P. T. Barnum blazed the trail, were perhaps the first class to appreciate to the full the possibilities of proper publicity. Patent medicine vendors and quacks were close behind them and it is likely that for a time they gave more attention to advertising than all others.

Business advertising steadily takes a higher plane. Fewer business fakes are exploited through newspaper advertising each year. Perhaps it is still true that the business or professional charlatan knows better the benefits of advertising than does his legitimate competitor but the public is learning rapidly to discriminate in advertising matter.

Business charlatans have always been, and are now, eager for helpful publicity. So it is now with political charlatans—demagogues. But do not understand it to be meant that every politician who has his weather eye out for opportunities to break into the newspapers is a demagogue. He may be seeking only to legitimately use the tools at hand to maintain himself in position where he may carry out plans that are for the welfare of the general public.

On the other hand, do not be misled into the notion that all this publicity that beats in upon public men is incidental and unplanned. Much of it is the reverse. There is no hard and fast rule by which one may detect the political buncombe in the newspapers, put there by design for purely demagogic purposes, but in time the public will

learn to discern. Anyway, the public usually has her jewels stolen for a newspaper purpose.



A New Years Thought

The watch-chime bell has ceased its chime;
The East is glad with Morning's ray
And old immortal Father Time
Begins a new, his task today.

Once more a year is past and gone,
With all its tasks and grief and cheer.
But here's a new one, all our own
To do our best in, while 'tis here.

An age, a year, a month, an hour
Are milestones only, fleeting by;
Each brings a fresh reviving power,
A vow to live and do, or die.

J. SIDNEY NYE.

The End of a Crooked Trail

By Helen Tompkins

TANGLES of scanty sage bushes, sun-burned and desert-bitter and scrubby clumps of discouraged cactus dotted the soft, undulating land which stretched away to the far horizon. The man who had just dismounted from his jaded horse looked behind him and not before; an instinctive action easy of interpretation to the native Westerner. By the same token, as his tired animal threw up his drooping head, the faint jingle of the loosened bridle-rein sent the man's hand to his pistol—another token carrying a more sinister meaning. In the two movements, even a nature less astute than the Western Desert breeds would have spelled a kind of guilty caution.

His second glance was for the foot-hills rising one above another and stretching in dim outline to the far horizon, above which the Western Sun hung a shield of glowing brass. The man's keen glance seemed to satisfy him for it showed the scene to be quite empty of human presence other than his own. Far above him in the clear air a buzzard hung poised on apparently motionless wing and on the rim of the horizon farthest from the setting sun a single star burned faintly in the greyish-blue sky. To the man's left, the Caddo a narrow, shallow, black stream with a slatternly selvedge of scrubby willows and greasewood along its borders, loitered past him in a lazy, oily fashion as if it was going nowhere in particular and cared very little how much time the journey consumed.

Beyond its thread somewhere, the wayfarer knew lay the Ghormley Ranch which he sought to reach. He had written to Faire, the foreman, (Ghormley himself was a non-resident of the State) and Faire had promised him employment. The man—he called himself Richard Strong—had asked for work no matter how menial. Faire had smiled meaningly as he read the letter

but of course Strong could not know that.

Bewildered—scarcely troubled, since a second glance at the sweep of country behind him showed the horizon to be still empty—Strong paused irresolutely his hand on the pommel of his saddle. The crossing of the Caddo in itself was a matter of little concern to him, but he remembered of a sudden that the thread of the stream was knotted with bad holes and fringed with treacherous quicksands. Ugly stories had drifted five hundred miles to his ears of the river's malice and cunning. He had carried the memory with him through all his journeyings in the Bad Lands. He fretted impatiently at the enforced delay.

A sudden splashing of the water at his right—he had turned his face toward the way from which he fancied that pursuit would come—brought again that second involuntary gesture toward his pistol even before he saw that the action was useless since it was a woman who rode toward him through the gathering dilatory dusk. She was riding and she sat as erect as a man in her saddle—more erect than the average cowboy sits, for he has an ugly way of hunching his shoulders. Above the short skirt and the cotton blouse which she wore knotted at the throat with a tie of scarlet silk, the fearless eyes looked from her tanned face straight into Strong's own. He caught a glimpse of soft boots of tanned leather and she wore a wide hat with a cord about it pushed well back on her head. "Are you Richard Strong from Ladego?" she called out in a singularly clear, boyish voice.

Richard Strong was a gentleman born and bred even if his lines had fallen in unusual places. He doffed his own hat, showing a well-poised head and smiled at the young woman re-assuringly.

"I was just wondering what Ghormley etiquette required me to do since I had

reached the river and was afraid to attempt to cross it," he said with a half-laugh. "Your river is a restless and effective guardian and forms a powerful barrier to your outposts. My name is Strong. I am glad to see that my coming was expected."

"I am John Faire's daughter," said the girl calmly extending her hand. "My father is ill. Mr. Strong. He was not very well yesterday and he asked me to meet you in case he should not be able to do so. To-day he is much worse and a doctor has been summoned from Gardner and is expected to arrive at the ford at any moment. I was not sure at first just which one of the two men you were."

"I am very sorry that Mr. Faire is ill," said Strong and a very troubled glance met her own. "This is most certainly bad news for me, Miss Faire—worse than you can possibly have any idea since I was trusting to him—"

"Pardon me," said the girl, a little. "I know that what I am going to say will sound very odd to you, but such a very little thing handicaps a stranger here in the West, you know. My name is Helen Faire and my father in some whimsical moment early in my career transposed it to Faire Helen in honor of the heroine of the Trojan war. It was a very childish thing to do and the situation soon promised to be actually embarrassing. I could not afford to allow the men about the Ranch to call me Helen and it seemed almost impossible to persuade them to attach any sort of a prefix. So latterly, to friend and acquaintance alike I am simply, "Faire," and you are at liberty to call me that just as the others do. I dare say the whole thing sounds ridiculously childish and foolish to you."

"I assure you that it does not seem so in the least Miss—Faire," stammered the young man.

"Faire simply, Mr. Strong—please—without the other."

"Thank you, I shall not forget again," said Strong still with some embarrassment. "Am I to understand that your father is seriously ill?"

He had mounted his horse again by this time and was splashing after her through the shallow waters of the Caddo.

The current was noisy in spite of its lazy shallowness and she raised her voice a little and flung her answer back at him over her shoulder. He noticed that her face had grown more serious. "My father is not very strong," she said simply. "He came West for his health years ago. The climate was very kind to him at first but last winter he contracted pneumonia and he has never seemed to entirely recover from it. He had a dispute yesterday with one of the men—a sulky, ill-tempered brute who had given him trouble more than once, and he was obliged to use force to make the man leave the place. I think that the exertion and the annoyance possibly caused all the trouble but he seems very ill to me to-day. I only hope that the doctor will not be very long getting here."

"It is too dark now to be able to see him even at a distance of a few hundred yards," said Strong sensibly. "Shall we give our horses their heads, Faire? I think that jaded as mine is he is good for a few more miles yet. And I have a slight smattering of medical lore that I learned on the plains where physicians and surgeons are alike an unknown quantity. It may be that I can be of some slight use to your father until the genuine article is available."

The way was rough and difficult—the man and horse tired—and the girl anxious. So neither of them spoke again until they caught sight at the same time of a light flaring from a low, broad house, whose loom was magnified by the darkness. The girl slipped from her saddle.

"There are a half-dozen men about the place now," she said in a low voice: "They are mostly middle-aged, serious men who have an exaggerated idea of the importance of John Faire's daughter and too poor an opinion of their own merit. They will treat you kindly I am sure, Mr. Strong and I hope that here in the wilderness so far from other people and so dependent upon each other, that we will all be very good friends. You will pardon me I know if you are more familiar with Western customs and Western people than I think and my words should be unnecessary."

"Faire did you bring the doctor?"

"No, the doctor has not come yet, Bill. I am expecting him every moment

now, you know, but there is always the chance that Buck may find him away from home and that he may not be able to reach us until to-morrow. In the meantime here is Mr. Strong whom we were also expecting, you know. He thinks that possibly he may be able to help us. Has father seemed to be any better since I left home? Can you detect any change in his condition during the last few hours?"

"He groans more," said Bill in a matter-of-fact fashion as he shook hands with Strong. He was a keen-eyed, elderly man and walked as men of the prairies usually walk—when riding is impossible. "I guess if Strong here can do anything for him, Faire it will be a good idea for him not to wait for the doctor. Come on in the house, young man—Jerry will see to the horses."

Strong followed the man and the young woman into the house. "Have you any drugs about the place?" he asked.

"We have a chest full of various kinds of medicines," said the girl in response. "Father never meddled with them much himself—he knows very little about drugs. Grey has always been our house physician. He told me once in a confidential moment that he had taken one course in a good medical school and then a girl threw him over and he came West. He is away down the river with some of the boys now."

They had entered the house by this time. It proved to be after all much larger than Strong had fancied that it was. The girl who was leading the way threw a door open on the right of the long hall and the two men followed her into the foreman's bedroom. It was rather a clean, well-kept apartment—thanks to the foreman's daughter. John Faire himself was lying on a bed in one corner and was groaning piteously. His eyes were closed. He seemed to Strong, who had never seen him before, to be a man of about middle-age—he was thin and angular and his face was marred by a weak mouth and a retreating chin. Yet in spite of these deficiencies there was, Strong noticed, quite a noticeable resemblance between Faire who had both these drawbacks and his daughter who had

neither. There were two other men in the room.

"Mr. Parker this is Mr. Strong our new man whom I am sure we are going to like. And Mr. Strong this other gentleman here is—"

Strong flashed one quick glance across the room, stumbled and a chair went over with a crash that upset the lamp and plunged the wide room into utter darkness. There was a series of lurid comments from the sick man on the bed and then he relapsed into silence again. "I am sure I beg your pardon, Faire," said Strong's slightly-shaken voice from the darkness. "I am dog-tired and I think that the strong light must have blinded me." But when the girl, somewhat mollified was able to relight the lamp she and the sick man and Strong were alone in the room. Parker, the other man and Bill had all three vanished.

Strong went about his work after that without a word although he looked a bit pale and startled and Faire noticed that his hands were not quite steady. John Faire was too ill to object, fortunately, to any mode of treatment suggested by his new employee, and Strong was able to administer hypodermatically a powder that at least eliminated a certain amount of suffering if it did nothing more. "He is a very sick man," he said to the girl when Faire's slow breathing told them both that he slept. "I am afraid to meddle with his case very much. I know just enough to be simply sure that if skillful aid does not reach him soon, we shall have grave danger to combat and graver reason to fear the worst."

"Dr. Taylor is familiar with these attacks and I am sure that Buck will get him here as soon as it is possible for him to do so," said the girl anxiously.

"Very good. There is nothing that we can do but wait then. I can watch him closely and if he grows restless I will repeat the dose which I have just given him. It will give his system a reserve force of untortured strength to meet whatever course of treatment the doctor may decide is best for him—when he comes."

The girl, tied the green lamp-shade so that her father's face was in shadow.

"Come in, Bill," she called out impatiently. She nodded to the man who was hovering just outside the door. "What do you want?"

Bill looked past her at Strong's downcast face with manifest hostility.

"Burke wants to see your father, Faire," he said anxiously. "Burke says that the old man had no business firing him and that if he had been at himself he never would have done so."

The girl's eyes flashed. "Burke is a drunken brute who has treated for better than he deserved or he would have got the beating he so richly merited," she said indignantly. "You may tell him that I said so if you like."

Bill looked at Strong and clenched and unclenched his tough, knotted fingers until the knuckles cracked. "Better go slow, Faire," he said nervously. "Burke won't be here for an hour. When he does come—"

"When he does come I suppose that Mr. Strong here can dimiss him as he deserves—since the rest of you seem too cowardly to do so," she flamed out while in spite of his own worries Strong looked at her admiringly. The foreman's daughter had a pretty temper of her own, he decided. "Where is Kerr?" she asked.

Bill looked at Strong in a fit of uncertainty—then seemed to make up his mind all of a sudden. "Kerr will be back directly, Faire" he said slowly. "I have an idea that Mr. Strong will maybe have something to say to you before Kerr comes. I think that maybe he would rather tell you some things himself—some things that he will have to tell—rather than to listen to Kerr tell them—in the way Kerr would. And in the meantime it might be well enough for you to ask Mr. Strong, Faire, when he saw your brother last and who was with him."

The girl turned a startled face on Strong just as Bill closed the door behind him and went away down the hall. An instant later they heard a door close in a distant part of the house. Strong read a fast-growing suspicion of him in his companion's eyes. "My brother," she said in a low voice as she glanced from him to the figure of her father lying motionless on the bed. "After all what

do I know of *you*, Mr. Strong—save that my father expected you to reach the Ghormly Ranch to-day?"

Strong's glance followed her own. He knew rather more of various diseases than he had led her to believe and he knew that her father was desperately ill. He had drifted into a stupor now, partly superinduced by the medicine which he had taken, but Strong felt very doubtful whether he would ever regain consciousness or not. He had known that the opiate would have that peculiar effect when he had administered it. But he had also known that without it, and racked continually by the pain which he had already borne for hours before Strong had reached the Ranch, John Faire would never have seen another sun-rise. It was a serious dilemma which Strong was confronting—a long shot which he was taking in wilfully putting the sick man where he could not help him if he would. He might not even want to help him—that too was one of the chances which Strong had taken when he crossed the quicksands of the Caddo bound for Ghormley's Ranch.

The suspicion in the girl's eyes grew naturally with his hesitation. "Bill hinted that you had seen Price lately," she said hurriedly. "Where was it and how long ago?"

Strong pulled himself together mentally as best he could. It was not going to be very easy to lie brazenly to this clear-eyed girl, and yet that was what the situation obliged him to do, since the Caddo quicksands were not one-half so treacherous as the morass through which his uncertain way now led.

"I saw your brother a little more than a month ago—down at Ladego, Faire," he said slowly. "I am here now as you know at your father's instance. You will forgive me when I say that that ought to be justification enough for my presence. Please don't ask me any more questions. I would rather not answer them."

She faced him inexorably. "Bill is suspicious of you and something has happened to make him distrust you," she said simply. "He would not have spoken to you in the way he did without good reason. He is ordinarily the best-

hearted and the most charitable man alive."

"I assure you that I am very sorry to have incurred his displeasure," said Strong wearily. "Frankly I am very sorry but there are some things that you must not ask me about Miss Faire. I find that I am not an adept at lying. If you choose now to withdraw your father's invitation perhaps I had better go away."

She was not even listening. "When did you see my brother last?" she asked again as if she had not heard.

Her question fairly wrung an answer from Strong's unwilling lips. "I saw Price down at Ladego about a month ago as I have already told you."

"Price drank at times—to excess. Was he drinking then?"

"He was drinking slightly—not very much."

"Who was with him?"

"He was in the back room of Littlefield's saloon there at Ladego. There were three men there with him—three men in the room besides Price."

"Who were the others?"

This time she almost thought that he had made up his mind to refuse to answer. "One of the others was a man named Rupert and there was a doctor who had just stepped inside the saloon—on a little matter of business." He looked at her anxiously but saw that the name of the man, Rupert meant nothing to her and breathed a sigh of relief. "I was the third man," he added simply

"And none of the men were drinking—to excess?"

"One of them was—and it was neither your brother nor the doctor. Three of the men were playing cards. It was supposed that the wine was drugged—"

"It always *is* drugged," she said scornfully. "Well, go on. There was some trouble of course. What was it?"

"I wish that you would not ask me to tell anything more, Miss Faire. I had better go quietly away now. I assure you I am perfectly willing to do so."

"I dare say you are," she sneered. "To be plain with you, Mr. Strong (if your name really *is* Strong) if you persist in refusing to give me a truthful answer to my questions, there will be nothing

left for me to do but to accept the alternative. I shall despatch a messenger to Ladego and hold you here until an officer can arrive on the chance that you may be wanted by the law."

For the first time she saw a look of genuine fear creep into the dark face of the man before her and her interest and sympathy for him changed to scorn. "I should be very sorry to have you do anything of the kind," he said simply.

"But I tell you your actions and your silence make such a course on my part imperative—the only thing possible!" she said fretfully. "How do I know but what my brother's safety depends upon turning you over to the officers of the law?"

He looked at her curiously then after a moment or two spoke with something of an effort. "I can only assure you on my honor that your brother's interests are in no way jeopardized by my remaining here," he said simply then. "The moment I feel that they are I will leave."

"That is if the opportunity is given you," she spoke sneeringly again.

"Once for all, Mr. Strong I want the truth—the whole truth. Are you willing to tell it, or not?"

His face altered so that she could not read it. "Since you insist," he said shortly, "I have no choice but to tell you I suppose. Rupert had been drinking. Miss Faire—not much, not nearly so much as—the other man. He had been drinking just enough to render him quarrelsome and insulting and overbearing. He said something that Price resented. He accused Price of cheating, I think and then made a gesture which your brother construed as a threat. Price was somewhat rattled I guess for he did not give the other man a chance to reach his pistol. He—did what nine men out of ten would have done under the same circumstances—shot Rupert through the heart."

"That is a lie!" said a masculine voice behind them.

Strong wheeled sharply—he was standing—and his hand flew to his belt—then fell irresolutely. "Is that you, Kerr?" he said coolly. "Why don't you come inside the room so that we can see you. The thing resolves itself into a

very simple matter after all—your word against mine."

Kerr thrust the door back stepped inside and set his broad back against it. "Strong lied to you, Faire," he said, his eyes blazing. "If you will remember I was down at Ladego a month ago—your father sent me down there for supplies." He stopped. "Rupert was a—

"There is no use of going into that part of it, is there?" asked Strong in a strangled voice.

"No, I don't know that there is. Anyway Rupert and Price and Strong here, were all there in the back room of the saloon drinking and there was a dispute over the cards. There was nobody in the room but the three of them so far as I know. There was a pistol-shot and when the others rushed in Rupert was dead and Strong, here still held the smoking gun in his hands. The two of them—he and Price—both seemed to be a bit dazed. So far as I know Strong never denied doing the shooting."

"So far as *you know*. You talked at first as if you knew all about the whole thing," commented Strong grimly.

"Well, I think that I do. Graves asked you about it, you know and you said, 'I shot him in self-defense. He had his hand upon his pistol and I was a little quicker and was a little better man than he was—that is all.' And you skipped out of Ladego that night."

"It's your word against mine." Strong repeated the words sullenly enough. "I simply deny everything that you have said. I've told Miss Faire the truth. Her brother killed Rupert. And he too left Ladego that night just as you say that I did."

"Kerr was naturally phlegmatic. "It's an easy thing to decide," he said coolly. "Send a man to Ladego, Faire and see if this chap is not wanted. And in the meantime you'd better hold him. His story won't hold water."

"There is something wrong about it," said Faire uncertainly. Her eyes were clouded and serious. "Father went down to Ladego, you know—a month ago. He told me when he came back that he didn't know where Price was. He didn't say anything about him having gotten into any trouble. And it was

after that that he got the letter from Mr. Strong asking for work."

"I thought myself, hearing what I heard that night at Ladego, that Strong was not so much to blame," admitted Kerr impartially. "If it was, though, as Strong claimed, a case of self-defense why didn't he see the thing through and why is he telling a lie and laying the blame on Price now? You needn't get it into your head that your brother had anything to do with the fellow's death, Faire. I tell you I was there and I know all about it. The lad is not as steady as he might be of course—"

"What have you to say now, Mr. Strong?" asked the girl anxiously.

"There is nothing that I can say." You can hold me if you want to do so, Miss Faire. I give you fair warning that I won't go back to Ladego unless I am forced to do so. Your brother, Price Faire killed Rupert. If you want to make an innocent man suffer for what he did, all right. I have no choice in the matter but to allow you to have your way."

Helen Faire's face was set and hard. "I could easily forgive you for killing the man," she said dubiously. "I dare say he got only what he deserved. We have a law of our own out here in the West and the first statute of it reads that a man has the right to defend his own. But weighed in Western balances there is nothing more contemptible than a lie—especially a lie told at the expense of another to shield one's self. You have forfeited every claim upon my respect, Mr. Strong. And you have forfeited every claim which you might have had upon my father. I will ask Mr. Kerr to hold himself personally responsible for your safe-keeping until we can hear from Ladego."

Strong rose to his feet and looked first at her and then at Kerr. "I suppose that it is no use for me to tell you that you are simply making the mistake of your life, Miss Faire," he said then very gently. "You would not believe me on my word of honor. So we will simply dismiss the whole matter and try to be as cheerful about it is possible. You had better allow me to give your father another dose of medicine. He at least deserves nothing but good at my hands.

He is growing restless again now and he needs as I have told you to save his strength as much as possible. I wish that it was possible to hurry that doctor up a little. Every minute that he delays his coming renders your father's chances of recovery fewer."

The girl nodded, her face still very anxious, and he administered another dose of medicine to the unconscious man. When he turned to Kerr again it was with a faint smile about his clean-shaven lips. "I wish to Heaven that you had seen fit to hold your tongue, old chap," he said wistfully. "I could wish you nothing worse however than the remorse that you are going to suffer when the curtain falls on the end of the play. It will be small thanks to you if the whole thing doesn't turn out to be a tragedy."

It was nearly five hours later when the doctor came. His keen eyes took the condition of his patient in at a glance. "He has the slenderest possible chance of pulling through this time, my dear, but we will do the best we can," he said to Faire. "He wouldn't have even that chance if it hadn't been for the medicine which you have given him. What—Strong here? Impossible! Do you mean the fellow who killed the chap down at Ladego a month ago? Well—well! That explains what the sheriff and his men were after back at the ford to-night."

Faire's heart sank in spite of herself. She had been greatly impressed by Strong's handsome face and something chivalric and noble in his manly bearing and she had more than half believed in him in spite of her stinging words. "Are you sure that it *was* Strong who killed Rupert?" she asked in a faint voice.

"As sure as a man can be who has had the evidence of his own eye-sight. Rupert's wife was sick that night and I had gone to the saloon to try to get him to go home to her. She was drinking and she was very uneasy about him. I pushed open the door just in time to see him lay his hand on his gun and say something which I did not catch. The next instant Strong fired and his bullet went through the fellow's heart. Strong was not to blame, my dear, He only

saved his life by the barest fraction of a second."

"Why did he run away then like the veriest coward?" said the girl, passionately. "Why did he try to lay the blame upon some one else? Why is he trying to evade the officers now?"

"As for trying to lay the blame upon some one else I am sure that he never did that," said the doctor a little absently. He was not particularly interested in Strong. "I heard him admit having killed Rupert and so did a half-dozen other people. Rupert had plenty of friends though and he had two brothers who were counted rather bad men. And the lot of them were corralled there at the sheriff's over half the night after the shooting. I don't know what they were up to for there was nothing said about even arresting Strong. Maybe the fellow was simply more of a coward than I thought he was at the time and maybe he lost his head."

"He is no coward," said Faire positively but her heart was very heavy.

Strong wheeled sharply as a hand fell upon his shoulder. He felt that it was rather hard lines for him to be stopped for he had thought himself well clear of the house and its inmates. And he wished them well enough, the inmates for Price's sake—Price the handsome, loveable, uscrupulous scamp to whom he had clung for nearly two years with an affection which he could neither understand nor account for. It brought no sense of relief when he shook the hand aside now and found that it was Helen Faire who confronted him and not Burke whom he had so cleverly evaded. He looked at the girl standing there in the moonlight—the girl who had Price's eyes—and his heart became as water.

"I am very sorry, Miss Faire," he said very gently. "I will go back to the house with you at once and without resistance. Only you will remember, will you not—later—that much as it cost me (and it is impossible you for to ever know how much that is) that I did my best even at the risk of your contempt, to get away?"

She was very pale. "The sheriff and two men from Ladego are here," she said. "I am afraid now that—"

"Don't feel the least possible regret on my account, Miss Faire," he said still gently. "I am a poor, worthless devil. I am not even worth your pity."

"Hush!" she said sharply. "What was that?"

He too paused for a moment—his face grave. But his ears were keener than her own and he soon dismissed the fancy that there was any one near enough to overhear their words. "Let me take you back to the house now," he begged. "I swear to you that I will make no further effort to escape, Miss Faire. I assure you that you may safely trust me now. It is too late for me to try to get away."

"I do trust you," she said tremulously. "But you are not going back to the house. I am not going to allow them to take you back to Ladego. I don't care what you have done. My father trusted you and so will I. You shall not be turned over helpless to those wolves in there. *You shall not!* I have saddled Maida in place of your own jaded horse and she can put you safe beyond all danger of pursuit in six hours."

A sudden light shone in the face of the man before her. "You are very good but it is impossible now for me to take advantage of your kindness," he said hurriedly. "Listen, Miss Faire. Personally I have nothing to fear even if I am taken back to Ladego. I have not even that claim upon your consideration. And I lied shamelessly to you about Rupert. It was I who killed him and not your brother."

For a moment he felt a little tremor convulse the form so near his own. Then the clear, pure eyes—boyish no longer but sweet and womanly—met his own a little shyly but unafraid and unashamed.

"It does n't matter to me now in the least what you have done," she said bravely. "I cannot tell what has come over me but I don't seem to care now even if you did lie to me shamelessly according to your confession. Please come away with me—before Burke sets the sheriff upon your trail!"

"I am not afraid of Burke or of the sheriff either for the matter of that," said Strong still very gently. "And you must recognize the fact, Faire, that

there is only one possible state of affairs that would justify a man in my position in throwing himself upon a girl's generosity—"

For the first time her eyes fell before his own. "And how can you know that that state of affairs does not exist now?" she said slyly.

Ten minutes more had passed and he pushed her gently away from him. "You must go back, dear," he said tenderly. "This affair will blow over when I am safely out of the way, my Faire Helen and I will come back to you—I do not want to say anything—anything that will destroy the assurance of your unquestioning faith in me—"

In the house the sheriff was talking to the doctor. "That's what they are after Strong for now," he said. "Young Faire was a bad lot I am thinking and there is no doubt that he deliberately robbed Rupert. If it had simply been between man and man it wouldn't have been so bad, but it was government money, you see and Uncle Sam never turns a poor devil loose until he has landed him either in the penitentiary or in hell!"

"What did Strong have to do with it?"

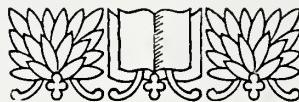
"Well Strong was the only witness the State had—they couldn't convict the lad except upon his testimony. And he wouldn't have been a very willing one. He was trying to get the boy safely out of the country when Rupert found it out and it precipitated the trouble between them that led in the end to Rupert's death. Strong was trying to get out of the way and I think that old Faire was going to help him—for the boy's sake." He lowered his voice a trifle as Faire flitted through the room. "They'll never get hold of Price now," he said slowly. "He was about a half mile in front of us when he struck the Caddo quicksands to-night. He thought we were after him I guess. Better let the girl and her father think that he got safely away out of the country I guess," and Burke to whom he was talking also, nodded.

In the meantime the girl had found, her father resting quietly and had gone to her own room. She hid her hot face in her slender hands for a moment and then looked away through her window

to the far northern horizon pale with countless stars.

"I don't know what you have done, my dear," she whispered to the unhearing man who had already left the

twisted current of the Caddo far behind him. "I don't know why you did it. But I believe in and trust you, Richard Strong—now and always!"



Resignation

Thy way be mine, Thou leadest me.
 Through waters still and deep;
 The dusk of years is over me,
 I lay me down to sleep.
 Each soul that lives is crucified,
 Each calls at last to thee;
 Each wretched heart hath bowed and cried,
 "Do Thou remember me;"
 Lord God of Hosts with me abide,
 At my Gethsemane.

Thy way be mine, Thou leadest me,
 The path of countless souls;
 No way but thine can comfort me,
 The key my master holds.
 When darkness falls and endless mists,
 Hide all for which I pine;
 Grant Lord of hosts that through the rifts,
 There be some word or sign;
 Give me O God the faith that lifts,
 Man's spirit unto Thine.

Thy way be mine, Thou leadest me,
 From darkness unto light;
 Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done,
 But spare the dread of night;
 Lead kindly Lord unto the place,
 Where earth and heaven meet.
 And ere I see my Maker's face,
 Make Thou my peace complete;
 Guard and protect me Lord of Grace,
 Before Thy mercy seat.

R. D. Ross.

Extending the Range of Trees

By Isaac Motes

THE man who extends the range of valuable trees into the western prairies, enabling them to withstand the hot, drying winds of the long summers and the bleak winds of winter, is a greater benefactor to his country than he who builds a great irrigation dam. The man who builds the dam merely catches water flowing through the country and distributes it over a small area, while he who induces valuable trees to grow where none grew before increases the rainfall over wide areas, because he, by means of the trees, shades the ground and prevents the rapid evaporation of moisture after the spring rains. He gives to the ground a leaf mold and humus which become saturated with water and absorb so much of it that there will be moisture in the ground far into the hot summer, and this evaporating slowly, passing up and meeting cold currents of air, will be condensed and fall back as summer showers.

Also the green leaves give off moisture by evaporation—moisture which the new wood and bark draw up from the ground, and this moisture passing up from the leaves and tender twigs into the air increases the chances for rain when it comes in contact with cool currents of air. It is safe to say that if every acre of timberless land in every county in the west was planted thickly to trees best suited to local conditions it would be worth more as a permanent benefit than a big irrigation ditch in each county. Hardly any other improvement or public enterprise you might name would benefit the people generally, over wide, dry, treeless areas, like the planting of trees.

And this planting could be done more cheaply than many people suppose. Many trees will grow upon the dry plains if they can get a start. But under ordinary conditions, the ground being so

hard and dry that the tree seeds and nuts cannot get into the soil, and there being no cultivation to maintain a dust mulch, it is very difficult for them to get a foothold. Many trees generally supposed to require a moist soil for their best growth would do well upon the plains if a very little care were given to their planting and cultivation. There are trees growing on hard hillsides in moist, clayey soil, which would thrive if planted judiciously and given a little cultivation. They would get as much moisture in the latter location as in the former, and besides do infinitely more good to the climate in increasing the annual rainfall.

It would be a mystery to understand how some trees live in the woods, growing in the hard ground on a hillside where the water runs off rapidly before much of it can soak in, were it not that we know the nearness of the water table to the top of the ground has more to do with the luxuriance of a tree than the occasional moist condition of the ground near the surface after a rain. We know that if tree roots near the surface of the ground in the woods do not get much moisture during the long dry summers, the tap root and other deep roots strike down below the water table, while trees may do well standing on high, semi-arid, cultivated ground, where a dust mulch is maintained all summer to conserve the moisture, although the water table is so low that the longest tap roots do not reach it, because the ground has been put in condition to absorb more water, and the dust mulch prevents its evaporation after it falls, so that the roots near the top of the ground get plenty of moisture. It would therefore not be as difficult to reforest high prairie regions as many people think, provided the right methods were used.

Before undertaking any tree planting

enterprise the effort of the planter should be to select trees which withstand nipping frosts and freezes in the early spring, rather than drouth resisting trees. It is possible to conserve enough rainfall to satisfy even a moisture-demanding tree under average conditions, but it is well nigh impossible to prevent damage to tender young leaves in the spring from nipping frosts. For this reason hardy, rapidly growing pines and other conifers and evergreens are better for planting upon the western plains than deciduous trees, where even the hardiest are apt to have their tender young leaves frost bitten in the spring.

Another important consideration is to plant the trees thick, for the sooner the limbs meet and shade the ground sufficiently to prevent the sun from reaching it and drying it out the better it will be for the climate, the rainfall and the chances for success of the trees. After the trees grow to sufficient size to shade each other too much they may be thinned out a little.

It is also important, if such planting is to be beneficial to a section, county or state in influencing the climate, that it be entered into on a large scale by a considerable number of farmers joining in the undertaking. Some time will necessarily be required to show an increased rainfall and a moderation of the hot winds and dryness of the atmosphere, for these improvements cannot be expected until the trees are large enough to shade the ground, form a leaf mold and prevent the rapid summer evaporation of the spring rains. But planting on a small scale is of course better than no planting at all.

In making a start in tree planting you should begin at the most favorable point. In northwestern states where cold winds are to be guarded against, the planting should begin on the south side of a body of timber and extend southward, so as to get the benefit of the larger timber to the north as a windbreak. In the southwest, where hot, drying winds are so injurious to crops in summer, the planting should begin on the north side of the timber and extend northward. This will be easy to do where a wide extent of territory is to be forested, for

no matter how large a prairie is, there must be timber surrounding it.

There will also doubtless be creeks, canons and other streams running through the prairie, lined with some timber, and along these will be good places to begin, for you can plant in two directions, away from the stream on each side, planting thickly with moisture demanding trees, beginning at the water's edge, for trees will grow thickly if they can get plenty of moisture, even though the land be poor. By this means you will protect the trees planted to the south or southwest of the stream from the cold winds and early frosts, and those planted north of it from the hot summer winds, using trees in their economical planting range and in soils for which they are adapted.

The best trees for planting in damp soil near a river or smaller stream would be willow, elm, hardy catalpa, cottonwood, Russian mulberry, black walnut and pecan on the south side of streams in more southern regions, black locust not too far north, persimmon in the west and southwest, together with the hardy western pines and cedars, while further north the European larch, cottonwood, and the Scotch and Austrian pines do well.

This planting alongside a running stream will increase the rainfall more and effect the climatic conditions quicker than if planted further from moisture, because the water in a stream is continually evaporating, and passing up into the air, where it is taken up by the leaves of near-by trees, thus increasing their rate of growth, and the amount of water evaporated from their leaves, for trees absorb through their tender buds and leaves a great deal of moisture held in the air, even though no rain falls, and the more they absorb in whatever way, the faster they grow, and the quicker they shade the earth, preventing rapid evaporation of moisture after rains, and furnishing a leaf mold which will of itself aid in retaining the moisture longer.

In addition to this the leaves themselves, because they are fed by plenty of moisture from the ground, also give off more into the air in summer, which, joined to what the leaf mold has enabled

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the ground to retain, will greatly increase the chances for summer showers. Also as the planted forest increases in width on each side of the stream it will make the continued planting further away more successful.

Another thing to remember is that a little cultivation is good for all trees, and well-nigh indispensable for some, but of course in extensive planting undertaken by farmers jointly, who must give most of their time to farming operations, they cannot devote too large a part of it to tree planting, where the benefits will not be seen for several years. But all trees do best on land which has been in cultivation a while, though some are hardier than others, and if the moisture content is sufficient they will take care of themselves under very unfavorable conditions. The hardy catalpa requires rather more cultivation and a more favoring location than the majority of trees adapted to the western plains, but others furnishing valuable wood do not require so much attention, and some almost none.

Raw land should be well broken, however, and this can be done quickly, for the middles need not be broken, only a strip for the tree row-about six deep furrows with a large turn plow, throwing the dirt away from the center, then going over it with a pulverizing harrow, then throwing the dirt back, then more harrowing, when the ground is in condition for the planting. I do not mean that it is in ideal condition, but it will do, and a great deal of raw prairie land can be gone over thus in a week by each farmer interested in the tree planting.

A half dozen such rows of trees on each side of a canon or river through the plains planted with cottonwood, Osage orange, willow, hackberry, honey locust, Russian mulberry (if not too far north) or black walnut (in the south) would do well, and if the first summer should be very dry the little seedlings could be watered from the near-by stream and kept alive, and after making a good root growth they would do well by the second year, and if of hardy, drouth resisting varieties they would do well the first year. Further away from the creek or river the varieties planted may be black locust, white elm, red cedar, European

larch, and some of the hardy pines, the Austrian, Scotch, jack, white or western yellow pine. These are all drouth resisting trees, and the pines are of course cold resisting trees, and in their economic range are better than deciduous trees whose leaves may be killed back by frosts in early spring. Besides the evergreens will aid materially in protecting the young leaves of the deciduous trees mixed in with them.

Having gotten a permanent growth alongside the stream, the planting can be continued in both directions away from it, giving such time to it as can be spared from the farming operations, until the planted grove meets the natural timber. But the quicker the planting is done the better for the country. By having the rows eight, ten or twelve feet apart, but with the trees thick in the row, say four feet apart it will not require so much plowing, and yet allow a good many trees to the acre. Trees set 4 by 8 feet would give about 1360 to the acre; 4 by 10, 1089; 4 by 12, 950. When the planting is finished the rows should be left slightly depressed in the middle, around the trees, so as to catch and retain water for a short time after each rain, and as soon as the water has dried up the rows should be harrowed on each side of the trees to form a dust mulch and hold in the moisture during the long, hot summer to follow. There should be some winter plowing also, though this can better be dispensed with than the harrowing in the late spring to form the mulch.

The planting of different kinds of trees in large numbers is quite expensive, aside from the cost of breaking the land, for while most year-old seedlings are reasonably low, yet the number required to set out great expanses of plains country makes the cost rather heavy, while if tree seeds are bought and sprouted in beds it requires time, care and considerable experience in such work, but some varieties may be planted in moist locations by setting out cuttings from old trees growing near by. This is especially recommended for cottonwoods and willows. These cuttings should be from twelve to eighteen inches long, and from one- or two-year-old branches of vigorous trees. They

should be planted early in the spring, before the buds begin to swell, with only the tips above ground, containing not more than two buds.

These cuttings may be set out by the tens of thousands with very little expense, and if only one-third or one-fourth live it will be cheaper than buying seedlings. They should be set in moist positions, and if the summer turns off very dry should be watered. Those which live thro' the first summer will generally do well, and the cottonwoods at least, being tolerant trees, may be planted very thick without danger from shade, and the growth will be rapid on the poorest soil—even in a bed of almost pure sand, low down on the bank near the edge of the water. The cotton-wood is one of the most rapid growing trees which can be planted on the plains, and the moisture can be so conserved even in arid regions, by planting in a depressed row and by carefully maintaining the dust mulch in the late spring, after each rain, that these trees will do well in such places.

In the lower plains country of the southwest one of the best trees for planting along creeks, even where the soil is thin and poor, is a good variety of native persimmon. The dual or triple purpose tree, the tree which furnishes fine fruit or nuts, fine building and fence post timber, and also conserves moisture and modifies climate, is of course more valuable than the tree which accomplishes only the last two named effects. Also it is believed that the scalybark hickory will grow in the plains country of Kansas, Oklahoma, Western Texas and New Mexico, for the existence of certain trees in a particular section is often a mere accident, and doesn't signify that they will not grow elsewhere in the same latitude, if properly planted. The scalybark hickory is a sturdy, hardy, beautiful and valuable tree, furnishing nuts which are really better than the shagbarks, and besides it grows on dry upland where the shagbark will not. The same is true of the native pecan and the improved paper shell variety.

Somewhat further south, and especially on the south side of an east and west creek where the banks are lined with natural timber, one of the most valuable

trees for planting is the black walnut mixed with a nurse tree to give them straight, symmetrical body growth. One of the best trees for this under-planting is the native persimmon, and another is some tall variety of apple tree, giving a two-crop growth, both of which are dual purpose trees, for the persimmon furnishes a hard, heavy, durable wood where it doesn't come in contact with moisture or with the soil. The black walnut has a thick growth of sapwood, which rots easily, making the trees of small value until they reach a considerable age, yet being thin-leaved, they may be planted five or six times thicker than pecans or scaly-bark hickories, and while they are moisture demanding trees, the skilled tree culturist can by the conservation of moisture make them do well on much higher, drier plateaus than those upon which you will find them growing naturally in the forest. In fact there isn't a tree in existence, growing in the forest, which cannot be made to do well in drier locations, with cultivation.

Where walnut trees are planted with apple or persimmon trees they should be in rows say eighteen feet apart, and with the trees ten feet apart in the row, with an apple or persimmon tree between, making the mixed trees only five feet apart one way and eighteen the other. This would give about 242 walnut trees and 242 apple or persimmon trees to the acre, or 484 altogether. If on rich land and in a well cultivated field this would not be too thick, and while the persimmon or apple trees are somewhat intolerant of shade, the walnuts being so thin leaved, the nurse trees would suffer far less than if they stood among hickories or pecans, and as walnut trees shed their leaves and nuts early this would give room for the sunshine to get at the apples or persimmons and ripen them in the autumn, especially so in the case of persimmons, which stay on the trees until freezing weather. If the walnut trees were planted in the open prairie persimmon trees would of course be better than apple trees. The walnut trees should have about three years start of the nurse trees, when the latter will train them to a more slender, symmetrical growth, causing them to shed their

lower limbs, and to form small crowns, thus reducing the quantity of nuts they will bear, but making the timber more valuable for fence posts or saw logs.

In exposed regions where the early spring winds are bleak and cutting, and where the tree planter is experimenting with trees of whose adaptability to such regions he is uncertain, the more refuse straw he has saved from the feed lots, barns and stalls the better protection he can give his trees. Such old straw

placed around the trees during the first part of February, or later if further north while the ground is frozen, or while a heavy snow is on the ground, will keep the ground cold and prevent the trees from budding until all danger from frost is over for the year. A few days' work by a couple of husky farm hands scattering this straw may be the means of saving thousands of dollars' worth of valuable young trees which you are trying to acclimate in bleak, inhospitable regions.



"Abducting a Revolution"

By Homer Montfort

THE big steamer had dropped her anchor in the bay of T_____, the capitol of, and only town of any consequence on G_____, one of the several insignificant Republics of South America. The few passengers, mostly men, were on deck contemplating the beautiful panorama before them or lounging in steamer chairs enjoying the fresh breeze which had set in from the sea. The first mate, a wrinkled old Sea Dog of uncertain age, leaned over the rail, gazing through a pair of glasses which were leveled at the adobe walls of the capitol. After a while he lowered the glasses, scratched his head a moment as if trying to remember something, then with a chuckle, he said, speaking to himself:

"By the eternal trade winds! This is the place. They ain't no mistakin' them three mountains, and that old Spanish fort. No, sir! This is the very place where it happened."

"May I ask what it was that happened here?" inquired the thin, pale man reclining in a chair near-by.

The old sailor looked around a little surprised, then giving vent to another chuckle, he said:

"Why this is the place where we carried off a revolution from. Sorter abducted it, so to speak."

Leaning back on the rail facing the thin man, he continued:

"As well as I recollect, it was in the tail end of the seventies. I was mate of the old wooden steamer, Neptune, with Adam Simmons as skipper. We had dumped a lot of machinery up the coast, and was proceedin' under ballast to Rio to take on a cargo of sugar. During the night a squall ketched us which kicked the old Neptune around pretty lively, makin' it necessary to put in for repairs. An' this is the very place we put into. It was gettin' dark when we let go the anchor, and bein' tired from the work

of the night before, I eat a bite an' turned in early. Several times durin' the night I thought I could hear the fire arms goin' off an' not bein' able to sleep any more on account of the noise, I got up an' went on deck to see what was goin' on. I found the skipper already on deck prancin' around an' cussin' about bein' disturbed in his slumbers.

"What is it?" says, I, pointin, to the blazin' houses on shore.

"Another one o' them damned revolutions," he snaps.

"The shootin' was gettin' livelier now, an' it reminded me of a Fourth o' July celebration back in the States.

"I reckon their scuppers'll be full o' blood in the mornin,' I says. I wonder if they're killin' the pore, helpless wim-men an' children too?"

"Huh! You couldn't scare up as much blood over there tomorrow as I can squeeze out o' a turnip," says the skipper, sorter disgusted like.

"What goes with it?" says I. They surely don't drink each other's blood like the cannibals do, an' I began to feel a little creepy at the idea.

"Of course they don't," says the skipper, in a voice as much as to say, "You pore idjit" of course they don't. Them skunks won't spill nary drop o' gore on-less one on em' accidentally sets down on his corn-knife or gets the wrong end o' his gun pintin' out. Why, I could take three good men an' a bulldog, armed with nothin' but clubs, and chase the whole passel into the bay."

"You talk like you had run into these revolutions afore," says I.

"Well, yes," says he. "I've run into several of these blarsted rumpuses, an' I reckon its well nigh impossible to sail these parts as long as I have an' keep entirely clear of em'. It don't take much to start one. Once I remember, a long time ago, up in one o' them Central American republics, which was

about the size o' a New England barnyard, we was takin, on a cargo o' hard wood at the capital, an' one evenin' as I was sittin' in front of the hotel, smokin' an' talkin' to the landlord, who was an Englishman, out comes the young fellow we fetched from New York City, with both hands full o' them red toy balloons, like they sell at circuses. 'What in thunder are you goin' to do with them things?' says I.

"I'm goin' to make my fortune sellin' 'em to the natives," says he. "That's what I got aboard your old tub for up in the civilized. I've got a trunk full of 'em up in the room, an' all I've got to do is to start the craze, and then stand on the street corner, blow 'em up, hand 'em out and take the money. Dese mugs will bite like suckers, an' after I shoves all my rubber onto 'em, it's me back to the Bowery, an' on Easy street. Well I must be gettin' busy: and he flung something back over his shoulder about an "easy graft."

"Down the street he went on a run, yellin, an' goin' on worse than a New York newsboy with a horrible murder extra. 'Here they are! Here they are!' he yells, wavin' them balloons above his head. 'Get an airship for a quarter! The latest out! Get 'em while they're cheap, an' so on.'

"A bloomin' noisy fellow that," says the landlord, twisting uneasily in his chair. "E's hapt to start trouble with that loud mouth an' them bloody, bloomin' red balloons. Hit's like shakin' a red rag at a bull," says he. "Them backstabbers'll think hits the signal to start a revolution an' there'll be 'ell to pay."

"I looked down the street an' I could see black heads, lookin in the' gatherin' twilight like big doorknobs, protrudin' from the windows and doors on both sides. Then they commenced dartin' in an' out, an' pretty soon the streets were swarmin' with garlic-eaters armed to the teeth with corn-knives, daggers, fryin' pans, an' anthing else they could lay hold of. They took after the galoot with the red balloons, evidently thinkin' he was the new leader, howling: 'Vive La Revolution! Republica Libre!' an' brandishing their weapons.

"The balloon peddler looked back

over his shoulder, to see what the noise was all about, and seeing the armed mob all after him, he became terror stricken' an' throwin' the balloons away, except one which was tied to his finger, he tore out in earnest. He circumnavigated the square several times, when he suddenly headed toward us. I was for huntin' a place of safety, but the Englishman said: 'Sit right where you are. If you sit still an' don't act like you're scared, you are all right; but if you run you're a gonner.'

"I flopped back into my chair an' tried to look unconcerned, fully expectin' to be cut into shoe strings pretty shortly. As the center of attraction went past like a scared jackrabbit, with the balloon stickin' straight out behind, he gives us a gastly look an' sings out with his voice full o' pleadin':

"For God's sake! Take them Airabs off! They're tryin' to murder me."

"After the procession had disappeared around the corner, I took a short leave of the landlord an' scooted for the ship. As I went up the gang-way, my eye fell upon a red balloon, somewhat the worse for wear hangin' over the side, an' when I stepped on deck, there lay the peddler, white an' puffin'."

"Save me!" says he, in a weak voice.

"How in the hell did you ever get here so quick?" I asked.

"Swum," said he. Then he started to scratch his head an' the balloon, still tied to his figure, flopped up into his face an' he squealed an' tried to get up an' run, thinkin' the mob was after him again, but he was too weak; the events of the evenin' havin' used him up pretty badly. I helped him to get below, where he stayed, not gettin' up nerve enough to come on deck 'till we was two days out to sea."

"By the time the skipper had finished his story, the firin' on shore had quieted down, an' I went back to my bunk. The next mornin' a tall, sun-tanned American, who bore the marks of many years in the tropics, came aboard. He said he had been operatin' a sugar mill; but was forced to shut down when the revolution broke out, on account of all his native laborers joining in the fracas.

"These here sons-of-apes are bigger fools about a revolution, than a United

States nigger is about an Uncle Tom's cabin show. I don't mind 'em enjoying themselves, but they are overdoing it, and its time to put a stop to it.' he says.

"'Is your life in danger?' asks the skipper.

"'Not at all,' says the resident, 'They have too much respect for the American flag to ever molest me or any of my property, but they keep up such a hub-hub at nights that a fellow can't sleep, and then my machinery is rusting from disuse. I have long had a plan for restoring peace, and have waited patiently for a ship to come into port so I could carry it into action. It would at once be bloodless and sure.'

"'What is your plan?' asks the skipper.

"'Well,' replied the American, 'I mean to abduct one side of the revolution—that is the ringleaders—put 'em aboard your vessel and you can carry 'em down the coast toward Rio and put 'em ashore where they can't get back here. I will pay you well for your trouble.'

"The skipper sorter hung back at first, but the sight of the roll which the American produced, started him to figuring, an' he finally allowed it would n't be harmin' anybody much, and on the other hand it would be doin' a fellow countryman a great service. So he agreed an' went ashore with the American, givin' me orders to accept the consignment if it came aboard durin' his absence.

"Well, along about dark a boat load of them black varmints came alongside, jabberin' an' takin' on worse 'en a cage o' monkeys in the Zoo. They was all decked out in flashy uniforms with gold lace all over 'em, an' now an' then I could catch something about 'Presidente' 'Republica,' 'Insurrecto,' 'Revolution,' etc.

"They're just about the sort o' lookin' mess as I'm expectin', thinks I, an' I set in to decoy 'em aboard.

"'Won't you step on deck gents?' says I. 'Where we can talk easier,' but I reckon they couldn't understand me. Leastwise they didn't come, an' commenced to jabber worse 'en before.

"The Cook came on deck, an' bein' able to jabber a little Spanish, said that

as near as he could make out, the little yellow duck with the big black mustache, was the Presidente, an' the others were his generals, an' that they were lookin' for the insurrecto chief. He had disappeared and they thought he might have taken refuge on our vessel. If he was on board they would be delighted to have him. They was sure we would be willin' to aid justice an' law by deliverin' the traitor, an' etc.

"It was all as plain as day to me now. The skipper an' that other feller had put up a job on the Presidente and his crew, sendin' 'em out here to look for that insurrecto chief, an' my duty was to nab onto 'em an' slap 'em below hatches for safe keepin.'

"Tell 'em he's down below, alone an' unarmed, says I to the Cook, an' if they wants him, they can go down after him."

"With that they shinned up on deck, an' after bowin' an' scrapin' to me, thankin' me for the permission to search for a man which weren't there they disappeared down the for'ard hatchway, which I pointed out, an' I slammed it shut after them an' fastened it.

"Along in the night, the skipper came on board with another bunch o' smoked meat in gaudy uniforms, all dead drunk.

"'Put 'em where they'll be safe,' says he, 'an' get under way right off,' an' with that, he turns in.

"I figured it out that they was the remnants o' the gang I had jugged, an' I poked 'em down the same hatch way.

"'It was easy to bag that first bunch you sent out last night,' I remarked to the skipper the next mornin' as we was eatin' breakfast.

"'First bunch?' says he. 'What do you mean?'

"'I mean,' says I, 'the boat load you decoyed out to the ship about dark last night.'

"'I don't know what you are drivin' at,' says the skipper, 'I never decoyed no boatload to the ship about dark last night. The only bunch I had any dealin' with was the bunch I fetched aboard after the American, an' I had got 'em drunk.'

"'Well they come, anyhow,' says I, an' I have 'em below, Presidente, Generals an' all.'

"'President?' says the skipper, gettin'

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excited. 'You don't mean to say we've carried off the Presidente, too?'

"He's most certainly aboard," says I "He an' his pals are down the for'ard hatch where I put them drunks you fetched on."

"Great Geewhilikins!" says the skipper, droppin' his fork. "We're into it now."

"How's that?" I asked.

"Why! We've carried off the whole blarsted revolution—insurrectos, government an' all. That was the insur-recto leader that I brought aboard. You dumped 'em in on top o' the government, an' no tellin', what's happened by this time."

"We went on deck an' listened at the hatch, but all was quiet below.

"I guess they've all killed each other" says the skipper, "We'd better open up an investigate."

"When we raised the hatch, them jehus come boilin' out on deck like a nest of disturbed hornets an' when they recognized each other in the day-light, they squared off sides an' commenced at each other with their corn-knives. Most o' the crew, includin' myself, not feelin' any present need of a operation, went into the riggin'."

Pretty soon there was a general mixup, an' things was gettin', mighty warm, when the skipper, who was standin' aft, sings out to man the hose, an' rings for full steam on the pumps. It didn't take long to quiet 'em down with a stiff stream o' water playin', on

'em. Then we disarmed 'em and the skipper told 'em with the help o' the cook, that if they started any more rum-puses, he would throw 'em all overboard.

"The bluff worked fine, (we bein' out o' sight o' land) an' they didn't fight any more; each side contentin' itself with makin' faces at each other.

"I don't know what in the thunder to do with them varmints" says the skipper one day as we were drawin' near Rio. "We're too short on coal to go out of our course to put 'em ashore."

"We might tie stones to their necks and throw 'em over the side," I says, "like they drown cats."

"I don't like to kill 'em," says he. "An' besides we need all the rocks for ballast."

"So we carried 'em on to Rio. The Skipper made 'em load our cargo, to pay for their passage, an' when we was load-ed he turned 'em over except the Presidente, who was rejected on account o' bein' a runt, to a fellow who was lookin' for hands to work on his plantation, for five dollars a head, an' I never heard of 'em any more. The Presidente sailed with us for a long time as cabin boy, an' he done first rate, too; but he finally quit the sea, an' the last I heard of him, he was runnin' a chili stand down on the river front in New York City, which he bought with his savins'."

It was growing dark and the mate went on the bridge to look after the signal lights.



Cradle-Time

Love, did you see the Goddess, Night,
Come sweeping up the hill
With sable drap'ry flowing free
And footstep true and still?
Did we not watch the shadows drift
So long across the floor?
Come, put your arms about my neck—
'Tis cradle-time once more,

Come, little one, forget your play,
Bye-low—'tis cradle-time;
The mother wonder-song awaits
Heart-full of baby rhyme.

Love, did you feel the ev'ning breeze
Blow freshly from the lane—
From shelt'ring shrub'ry bending low—
Hear cricket call again?
Did we not watch the starlight march
In file across the sky?
Come, lift your lips, sweetheart, to mine—
For cradle-time is nigh.

Stay, little one, your eager feet,
Bye-low—the day is o'er;
Unwilling eyelids lower droop—
Sand-man is at the door.

Did we not hear the whip-poor-will
Pipe softly from the dusk
Where tender garden darlings drowse
With dewy breath of musk?
Did we not watch the silent road
Trudge on into the shade?
Now lay your cheek against my own—
Sleep, weary little maid.

Sleep, dearie, sleep—bye-low, bye-low!
The day has vanished long.
The twilight voices hush in dream,
The hour is Even-song.

MAUDE DE VERSE NEWTON.

Personal Recollections of the Santa Fe Trail

By James C. Hall

AN interest in the old Santa Fe trail has been awakened in these later years by the efforts of a patriotic band of women to mark its line through the State of Kansas, and much has been written about it, but nearly every thing that has met my eye seems to have been a sort of legendary story written by some one who had but a hearsay acquaintance with it and no personal contact, hence I am tempted to speak of it from impressions made in a personal experience. There are perhaps only a few individuals left who knew it in that way. Indeed, the whole story of the trail is fading from the memory, as are also its traces from the face of the landscape.

There never was anything poetic in the Trail itself, it was just a broad well-beaten path, winding its way over vast stretches of wild uninhabited country—a mere hint of civilization, telling of a somewhere whence, and a somewhere whither, like the stream of Time betwixt two eternities. But if the incidents which saw the light along its meanderings were able to tell their story, and if the hopes and fears of its dusty travelers were given a voice and their experiences a canvas, there would be poetry enough, and heroism enough, to inspire an Epic that would give the trail a more permanent place than can be given by the blocks of granite which now here and there mark where it lay.

Things that one does not know are always mysterious, and to those who came into this country when this great thoroughfare was the only definite roadway, it had a sort of superstitious character. Its vast stretches were like a path in the sea where ships seemed to come out of the East and slowly move on over the rolling prairies and hide themselves in the west. So slowly did the long line of covered wagons move,

that in the distant horizon, they seemed to be a part of nature moving westward with the sun.

The road was a sort of dry land river, along which a party of traders in 1822 had groped their way from Santa Fe in Mexico to the Great River, in order that they might bring the crude life of the west in touch with the more enlightened civilization which was reaching its arm up that river into the wilderness of the northwest. It was a natural highway—only here and there, except in the most difficult places, had anything ever been done to develop and improve it. The immediate necessities of the individual train was all that ever entered into the thought or care of the trader who travelled over it; hence nothing but the most temporary improvements were made. If the hill was so sidling as to make it impossible to pass without overturning the wagon, then a few shovelfuls of earth were taken out of the upper side, but more frequently a rope, attached to the bows of the wagon cover and held by men, prevented the catastrophe, and was all that was desired. Here and there where there was a hole so deep that the wagon could not be pulled through, a few stones were gathered from the crest of the prairie and filled in, but oftener, to avoid the obstruction, a circuit of a mile or more was driven. Distances didn't seem to count. Men in those day had all the time there was, and were satisfied, if the train could be kept moving. The one characteristic of the road was, that it kept to the highland ridges, so as to avoid the wet places and deep ruts that are found on the lowlands, and along the sides of the hills; and yet it was wonderful how directly it held its course; it swayed to the north and then to the south, but the general direction was not very far from a straight line. Kansas, however, is a land of good roads,

and even in those early times one could set out with a wagon over the untracked prairie, and follow his compass to a given point, with a reasonable assurance that he would meet with no obstruction, beyond that which might be overcome by a slight divergence to the right or the left.

The Santa Fe Trail was among the first objects of interest with which I became acquainted in Kansas. My father's claim lay on Ottawa Creek, just a mile south of the trail in Douglas County, and from the log cabin home, and from the corn fields, we watched the countless trains of huge covered wagons silhouetted against the sky, and, when the weather and wind were favorable, we could hear the crack of the murderous whips, and the shouts of the drivers. This trail was the great thoroughfare and outlet for the traffic south of the Kaw river, in the state, and the paths that wandered across the prairie, from the cabins of the first settlers, opened into it, just as the creeks that flow through a land, open into the valley of a great river, and flow down to the sea. So did everybody drive north or south, as the case might be, to the Santa Fe road, and then eastward to the little town of Kansas City, or Westport and the Missouri River, which was our connecting link with the civilization and life of the world.

With the very early history of the Road I have no acquaintance. I know it only from 1857 to its final elimination, and, to a boy, its history had but little interest. It was a mere matter of course—we found it there—saw its use, and necessity, and supposed it had always been there.

There were four classes of traffic on it in that early day. First, the individual settlers of the surrounding country, who, as I have said, made it their line of communication with the market on the River; and then there was the government mail stage, drawn by six or eight mules, driven by a man who held the lines and sat upon the box, accompanied by another man who rode an extra mule, acted as a guard, and did the whipping. This stage carried passengers and mail to the outlying posts and stations in the west. I have forgotten how often—

perhaps I should say how seldom, it passed through. Then there were the government freight trains, or rather the trains of government contractors, carrying supplies out to the western forts. These were of two kinds—mule trains—eight to ten mules to a wagon, and ox trains with six yoke of oxen to a wagon. They were usually well equipped and made fair progress, but after 1857 these trains were generally outfitted at Fort Leavenworth, and joined the great Trail somewhere a little southwest of Topeka; and then there were the regular Mexican trains which were the pioneers of the Trail, and were altogether the most numerous and characteristic of its travelers. Some of their outfits were very rude and primitive, and the "greasers" who drove them, were not far removed from barbarism. Their outfit consisted of a huge wagon, with a deep boat like bed, rising high in the prow and then sloping down to the middle, rose equally high in the stern, and were very fittingly called "prairie schooners." This wagon was drawn by from six to ten yoke of cattle—of every character and description—some of them very small, but having horns of such immense size, that we boys used to say that the meat of the steer could be packed in his horns. Ten to thirty of these wagons, with their teams, formed a train, and when drawn up in the form of a horse-shoe corral, in camp, they seemed to be a village, and when stretched out on the road in travel, they looked, in the distance, like some reptile, a mile or more in length, dragging slowly across the plains. In the soft muddy weather of the Spring and Summer, these trains frequently stalled in the draw just above our home, and sometimes several trains would mass there, waiting to pull through, and all kinds of complications in their struggle with the conditions, would ensue. They always got through, however, for their wagons were so heavy, and strong, they were practically unbreakable, and they had team enough in the train, by doubling up, to pull a wagon through anything, if once their strength could be made available.

The wagons were laden with all kinds of merchandise—whiskey and strong drink being no unusual part of the load.

They came from the west as early as the grass on the plains would furnish sustenance for their cattle, and returned as soon as they could load at the River, and sometimes made two trips in a season.

My own personal experience on the trail came about, in this way: In 1863, I was a Freshman in College at Baker University, and had run down in health, so that my friends thought I was going into a decline, and they advised me to go out on the plains to "rough it." So a young man, a classmate several years older than myself, went with me to Leavenworth, and there we hired with Irwin & Jackman, Government contractors, who were just starting a train of supplies for Fort Union New Mexico, to drive in the outfit. We first intended to go in a train for Salt Lake, but found some conditons we did not like, and so contented ourselves with the shorter trip.

On the 20th of June, 1863, after working a day or two in loading the wagons, the cattle for the expedition, about 320 head, were driven into a pen, and we, 26 drivers, were ordered to yoke our teams. They were a wild lot of steers—some of them had never had a yoke upon them, and some of them were Texas steers whose shining horns glanced threateningly in the sunshine. The order was, first, for each man to yoke his leaders, and then after this was done by all, we then yoked our wheelers, and then at leisure, we each yoked the four pair for the swing. The point was to yoke the more kindly, trim and biddable cattle for leaders, being sure that they knew something about the yoke—and then for wheelers we sought out the heavy sturdy fellows, for they had not only to carry the wagon tongue, but to hold the wagon back going down the hills. Anything would do for the swing, and we yoked the high-headed nimble footed fellows, for, when they were once hitched in, they were powerless for mischief, and their efficiency often depended upon their ability to handle themselves.

I had been shut up in sedentary life for awhile and was pale and emaciated, so the rough frontiersmen, with whom I was matched, thought me to be a ten-

der-foot, and they laughed at the idea of my going into that corral to yoke a team, but I had been reared on a farm; had broken and handled cattle when they were our only teams. I knew the points of a steer, and came out of the corral with a team as good as any of them.

The first three weeks were very hard on me. My feet were tender and were very sore, and then the bad water and exposure affected me so, that it looked as if I would break down, but the wagon master took me off the night herding and allowed me to ride on the wagon tongue behind my wheelers, and in a few days, I began to pick up. Our itinerary varied continually—as it was dependent upon the condition of water and grass. Sometimes we drove only about five miles in a day, and at other times ten, twenty or more. Sometimes we ate breakfast before starting, and sometimes we drove from early morning until nearly noon before grass and water for the cattle could be obtained and an opportunity afforded us to get anything to eat. Sometimes we camped in the early afternoon, and sometimes we were rumbling along quite late at night, and had to turn in without supper. When we camped, we always formed a horse-shoe corral, having thirteen wagons on each side, so arranged, that the fore wheels of the succeeding wagon would be opposite the hind wheel of the preceding, and in this way, by chaining the wheels, a large yard was formed into which the cattle were driven for yoking, and a barrier made against any outside attack. Within this circle we made our fires, and cooked our meals and were at home.

Population did not extend very far westward in those days, and we had not gone very far south-west of Topeka, where we crossed the Kaw River from Leavenworth, before the cabins of the settlers began to disappear.

At Council Grove we paused for several hours, to make our final purchases of nick-nacks, before committing ourselves to the great wilderness beyond. That night, while some of the boys were "shouting off," and sleeping off, what they called their last drink, I sat down in camp and wrote the following in my journal:

"Council Grove—famous as being the extreme end of civilization, is situated very differently from what I expected. It is built upon the lowlands, on the banks of the Neosho river, at this point only a small stream. The town is mostly upon the west bank. It is, however, only an insignificant place. Grog-shops, and drinking saloons, having the most custom. The country west is really beautiful. The prairies are high and gently undulating, not so broken as east of this place. The peculiarities of the West begin here strikingly to appear; neither wood nor water sufficient, it seems to me, for successful settlement. The little brooks and water hollows, which are few and far apart, are fringed with very narrow belts of timber, and often only here and there a straggling stunted elm stands as a monument or way-mark, to indicate the course of the stream. The country possesses all the characteristics of original nature—wild and unaltered, as it was when the Pilgrim Fathers stepped out on Plymouth Rock, or when the delighted eye of the Spanish sailor descried the continent. No plow has yet broken its stubborn sward; no traces are visible of civilization except this great and well-beaten thoroughfare which winds its way over hill and valley like the course of some great river."

The untrodden prairie is a most solitary place. I know of nothing like it except the open sea. There is nothing to link it with the thought and life of man. It gives no answer to the cries of the soul, and invites to no companionship. In its very beauty it is utterly alien, and seems to shrink from one as a wild beast. I have been alone in the wilderness of the mountains, and have felt the solitariness of their overwhelming silence, but there was always a sense of God there—an evidence of overbrooding force with which the Soul realized a kinship, empty as a starless sky. I remember, that just as I was feeling the force of this solitude, we passed the grave of some poor Mexican teamster. It was fresh—the broken soil showed that not many months had passed since its making. It was just outside the regular trail, and where the rumble of the passing wagons would shake the sleep-

ing dust. His comrades had buried him as decently I suppose as they could, but the wolves had dug the body up, and a number of his ribs and dry bones were now laid on the grave bleaching in the sun. I stopped beside the grave and thought of the "somebody's darling" and the "broken ties," and the utter desolation of an uncared for grave. Two pieces of board in the form of a cross showed that the sleeper was a Catholic. The foot-board gave his name and other mementoes, but they were in Spanish and utterly uninterpretable to me.

Three days after this, I find it again recorded: "I sat today on one of the crests of these prairies, while the sun poured his hottest rays upon me, and read the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"—and enjoyed it very much—never appreciated poetry so well before. Saw a number of very pretty flowers here also, and would have been glad to transplant some of them to the garden at home. Timber has at last entirely disappeared, not a single tree has lifted its head to view during the whole day,—nothing to relieve the dull monotony of the boundless prairie. The inquiry has often arisen during the last few days—"Will this land ever be taken up and cultivated?" The broad, beautiful expanse was certainly created for something, but the scarcity of timber and water and the uncertainty of rain during the summer season give rise to the inquiry—What purpose can it subserve?

To-day all this seems like a dream. The forty-seven intervening years have transformed the wilderness into a paradise. Beautiful groves now crowd the landscape—the sturdy trunks of the trees that grasp the soil so firmly, would indicate that they had held it in their sway for ages—the broad fields waving with corn, and the luxurious homes swathed in wealth and prosperity, would indicate longer lines of time and industry.

Perhaps the children that are in those homes will regard my record as a fancy sketch, and I don't know that I should dare to write it, fearing lest a glamour was in my eye and a fault in my memory, were the statement not before me, just as I wrote it at that time. There was not much to occur and but little

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variety in our every day life on these monotonous prairies. They had no history then—they touched nobody's life; they were not, to our knowledge, influencing anybody's destiny; they bore no mark of man, and were as pathless as the sea. Every day was as another, and we were soon at a loss what day of the week it was. A little incident, however, reminds me of the country about Lyons, and with it, there comes the remembrance of the long sloping knoll that led the trail down to the crossing of Cow Creek. Cow Creek had been talked of in the camp as the place where we would be sure to find buffalo. We had been seeing them here and there on the hillsides and in the valleys, but had neither opportunity nor weapons to kill them. We had seen numbers of antelope, but they were skittish and easily eluded us, but at Cow Creek, we were to be relieved from the long tire-some diet of bacon and beans, and to be refreshed with good fresh beef. Early in the morning we came along the trail lying south of where the country seat of Rice County now stands. It was just the break of day, and a heavy mist lay upon the plain, so that our train could be seen only a short distance—and immediately, as if just breaking through a wall, a huge buffalo broke upon the middle of the train and stopped, as suddenly, as if he had run into a fence—gave a huge snort and turned upon his heels. We didn't get him, but we wiped our mouths as if he were prophetic of better things. We had crossed Cow Creek by noon, and had camped. I was on day herd, and had followed the cattle southward from the crossing, and while they were quietly feeding sat down on a gopher hill to write in my journal—and this is the record:

"July 6, 1863, Monday noon. Today we are upon the western bank of big Cow Creek. Have been lying over this forenoon, resting, preparatory to the long drive we must make before we come to water again. Twenty long, dry miles, must be passed, before we again find water for the stock. We start this afternoon about three, and travel ten or twelve miles—then camp for the night. Cattle will stand during the night without water, better than in the

daytime. Start again early next morning for the remaining journey to the great bend of the Arkansas River, where is water in abundance.

I would have been glad had we been here yesterday, so we could have layed over on the Sabbath. It would have been pleasant to enjoy a Sabbath rest. We drove at least twenty miles yesterday, over a varied country, part of it rolling beautifully, like the prairies at home, and part of it as level as a plain. Grass is not so tall, nor so thick, as farther east, but is more of a mosslike character. Cattle eat it with a relish. Early yesterday we saw an antelope grazing on the prairie near the road, occasionally making a quick start, and running a little nearer the train, as if anxious to know what it was. Some of our men endeavored to shoot it, but failed. Saw two others this morning, while out on herd. Have seen no buffaloes since yesterday. This is rather strange, for we are now stopping on the Creek where they most frequent. Usually these prairies are covered with them. We see innumerable carcasses lying by the road side, which hunters and travelers have shot, and, cutting out a piece—perhaps sufficient for one or two meals, have left the remainder to rot on the ground. I bought a piece of Buffalo of a Mexican who had just killed one, yesterday, and found it nearly as good as our tamed beef."

We arrived at the Great Bend of the Arkansas the next day, and camped twenty-four hours, to rest our cattle and to wash off the accumulations of dust and grime which had gathered upon us, in the four or five weeks, since we left Leavenworth. I enjoyed the bath hugely, but when I started in to wash my clothes, without soap, I gave up in disgust, and concluded I would have to wear the dirt off, as I had worn it on.

The Arkansas River, where we struck it, is a most contemptible stream—sprawling out in the middle of a wide, level plain. One could wade it anywhere; and its banks, on either side, are but a few feet above the bed of the stream. The bed was nearly a half mile wide—the water was quite muddy, and its stream was sub-divided into little streamlets by innumerable sand-

bars and islands, tufted with willows. There was no timber in sight—save a lonely cottonwood, here and there, and a little fringe along what is now called the "Walnut," a mile or two below our camp. We were burning buffalo chips to cook our meals. And here again, I remember querying—as I lay under my wagon with my head in the neck of an ox yoke,—“what has the Lord made this country for?” I could see no use it could ever be. This query has become more interesting to me, in as much as in 1884 when I was sent out to Great Bend to fill a vacancy in the pastorate, I looked up the lines of the great trail, which were then quite visible, and found a large flouring mill, standing in the neighborhood of the place where my wagon had stood, and where I had, dreamed in 1863, and I saw the country over whose bald prairies I then stretched my gaze, now raising three or four million bushels of wheat.

Up to this time, I do not remember that we had seen an Indian, but now they began to be too numerous for our comfort, and when we came to Fort Larned, they stopped our train, and demanded that we give them “Ox,” “Shug,” “Tobac.” It was a somewhat exciting time, and found us entirely unprepared. The Indians on the plains were supposed to be friendly, as they had been for some time, and the outfitters at Leavenworth had been sending their trains out unarmed partly, perhaps, because an unarmed body would be less likely to be offensive to the Indians they would meet, and less liable to stir up trouble. But a few weeks before this time, a call had been made upon Kansas for troops, and the men from the frontier forts had been sent away. Then emissaries from the south, it was said, came up through the Indian Territory, and stirred up trouble with the western Indians, to compel the recall of Kansas troops. At least, this is the story that came to us, how much of it is true, I know not, but it is certain that the Indians had suddenly sprung into dissatisfaction, and on the night before our arrival at Fort Larned, they had assembled in great numbers, and demanded supplies from the Fort. We were the first train they had molested. They did

not offer to do us any bodily damage, but clamorously demanded “Ox,” “Shug,” “Tobac.” We pointed to the Fort, which was only a short distance away—and one of them who had learned enough English to swear—said contemptuously “Fort, Dam! 40 men” But while we parleyed a Mexican train drove into sight as it came up out of the fork of the Pawnee Creek—and the Indians with a wild whoop, left us to pounce down upon it.

We immediately pulled out, and drove hurriedly away—followed by a loose band of younger Indians, who tried to stampede our teams, and steal our cooking utensils, which were in the mess chests, hung on the hind end of our wagons. Indians lingered about us for several days, but did no harm, other than the petty stealing of everything they could lay their hands on. One day a cadaverous looking fellow came into camp, just as we were preparing a meal—made his friendly protestations, and asked for something to eat. He came in on the left wing of the corral where my mess was, and we gave him a hearty meal, and then he went to the other, and they fed him, and to the next, and the next, until he had eaten enough for a good meal at each of the eight messes, and then went out of camp, looking as I have seen a calf look which had broken its tetherings and stolen all the milk.

We followed the Arkansas river for nearly 200 miles, leaving it only here and there, to avoid an obstruction or to make a cut-off, until we came to Bent's Fort, somewhere in the vicinity as I understand it, of what is now the town of La Junta. There we crossed the river—the water was about three feet deep, and the bed a mass of moving sand. To let a loaded wagon stand still in the river was to lose it, for the sand would soon swallow it up. Precautions were taken to prevent a stop in the stream, and eleven yoke of oxen were hitched to one wagon. Two men were appointed to one team, one on either side of the string, to keep it straight, and to whip, to keep the oxen going. The wagon seemed to be going over bed of boulders as the wheels climbed over the sand, and were suddenly dropped by the

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foundation being washed from under them. We were now soon in a different country—water was scarcer—the dust and sand were deeper, and the country began to have the character of a desert plain. Not many days after this we began to see the Spanish Peaks, and then the lower range of mountains, and finally more to the left we saw the Raton mountains, through which we were to pass and over which we were to drop down to the valleys, which led into the Mexican plain. Here our cattle began to die with a disease they called Murrain, and they died so fast, that to me, it looked as if we would not have teams enough left to pull us through. We left eight dead in the corral, where we had camped for only a few hours. But the slope was all downward and our wagons pulled easily, and in a day or two we were at a sort of relay station, which the company kept on the western slope. Here we left our sick cattle and substituted others, and in a week or two were at our destination—Fort Union—about 30 or 40 miles northeast of Santa Fe.

The return trip was begun the very day our wagons were unloaded, but it was to be along what was called the "southern Route," which took us through the northern corner of Texas, and avoided the mountains, thence along the Cimarron, and finally northward to the Arkansas river and the main line of the trail. Our wagons were empty, and we made long drives on the return trip. The principal experience was in the drive from Cimarron Springs to the Arkansas river, a distance of seventy miles without water for stock. Water for ourselves was carried in casks swung under our wagons. Cimarron Springs is a wide marshy plat, caused by the reappearance of the river, which disappears a number of miles above and runs under ground through the sand and breaks out to the surface again at this place. The water as I remember it, was about eight or ten inches to two feet in depth, and spread over considerable space. Here the cattle were al-

lowed to stand in the water, to browse upon the grass and brush, for the greater part of the day—until every ox was well saturated and filled with water. At four o'clock in the afternoon, we yoked, and started for the long drive. No more water for seventy miles! The first drive continued until about midnight, when the cattle were unyoked and allowed to lie down to rest. As soon as they began to get up and wander, we yoked again, and drove until nearly noon of the next day. The weather was very hot, and the oxen were now nearly wild for water, and, although excessively weary, they would lie down and rest but a short time. As soon as they became uncontrollable, we yoked again, and drove until we came to water. When we were within a mile or two of the river, our teams began to go faster and faster—at the distance of about a half mile, we were compelled to camp, and let them go, and they ran pell mell into the stream.

At Bents Fort, in the outbound trip, the river flowed in a strong current three feet deep, but now here, a hundred and more miles below, we drove across the bed dry shod.

The Indians had now gotten worse, and we learned, through couriers and the passing stages, that they were preparing to hold a great pow-wow and war dance in the vicinity of Fort Zara near the Great Bend of the Arkansas. We approached cautiously, and then, at night, under orders that no whip cracking or shouting should be done, we stole quietly past. We could easily hear the yells and shouts of the Indians gathered in the dance, and were cheered by the fact that the louder their shouts and noise, the less likely they would be to hear the rumble of our wagons.

In the early part of September, we drove into Fort Leavenworth, and turned over the remnant of our teams and outfits. Received our pay of Twenty-five dollars a month and returned to our homes, to learn that Lawrence had been sacked by Quantrell, and some out of our own families, murdered in the raid.

Ida Ahlborn Weeks

By A. A. B. Cavaness

IT would be a noble task to write a worthy tribute to the memory of Ida Ahlborn Weeks, who for twelve years was professor of Literature in Baker University. Only a pen such as her own might touch effectively the life that became a part of so many lives during the period of her occupancy of that chair. Some one of those who knew the gleam of that womanly scepter, and followed it in allegiance to the royalties commanding its own homage—Truth, Beauty, Service—ought to commemorate in a volume that luster of virtue compelling virtue, and the glory of strength that gave weakness power.

So wise, gentle and cultured in heart and mind, the impress of her personality and rare teaching became a creative power—or at least, imparted to original sparks illumination and energy. Her recitation room was a crucible that liberated the gold; and its work was like the rubbing of the lamp by the hand of magic. This service grew to be a belonging of the college, so that at last, when the time came the golden cord of connection must be severed there was almost resentment at the cause therefor. To all who knew and loved, it was *Miss Ahlborn* who came and went, nor did it seem possible or righteously ordered that her feet should forsake the highway builded by her own genius and labor—a highway, wherein she had brought souls to its level, and had taught

them to hitch their wagons, if not to stars, at least, to harness forces compelling such direction.

And now in this moment of her passage thitherward, the remembrance of the stately figure comes the more vividly, intimately, tenderly. The queenly face, to which nature fitted no masks; the modesty of true worth that left its fine subtlety in other human natures with the delicacy of the dews that brightens flowers; the utterances falling from lips that disdained a false note—springing from a heart of poetic feeling, and serving as well the demands of beauty as of conscience—all return with the added pathos of parting and Good-bye.

An additional profound element of Miss Ahlborn's inspiring personality was her faith in Life and its Maker. This, coupled with her deep understanding of life's greatness, gave her elect entrance into minds that could receive, for their highest adjustments. Out of this sympathy sprang ideals of action—and it would be of beautiful worth to all who revere her memory, could we read the record of thought flowing out of this contact of teacher and pupil. It is therefore a gracious thing to recall this history of achievement and influence, and to write it down as one of the safe and enduring trophies of Baker University. Nor is it too much to say that no other face that has helped to light her walls has a worthier right to shine from them.



THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE KAN-SAS-MISSOURI FOOTBALL GAME

By Bliss Isely

FROM a tree outside an athletic field in Kansas City a little boy watched twenty-two men last Thanksgiving Day. Eleven of the men were from Kansas, and they were trying to put a football across a white line at one end of the field. The other eleven were from Missouri and they were trying to put the same ball over another white line at the other end of the field. As the little boy looked

he saw Hackney, the Missouri full-back, make one of his marvelous charges through the Kansas men. He saw him dodge one tackler and then another; and finally he saw him go down, after a good gain, when a third mighty Kansan gripped him just above the knees.

"Go after 'em. Lick the Jayhawkers. Go after 'em, Tigers. Eat 'em up." shouted the boy with all the power of his little lungs.

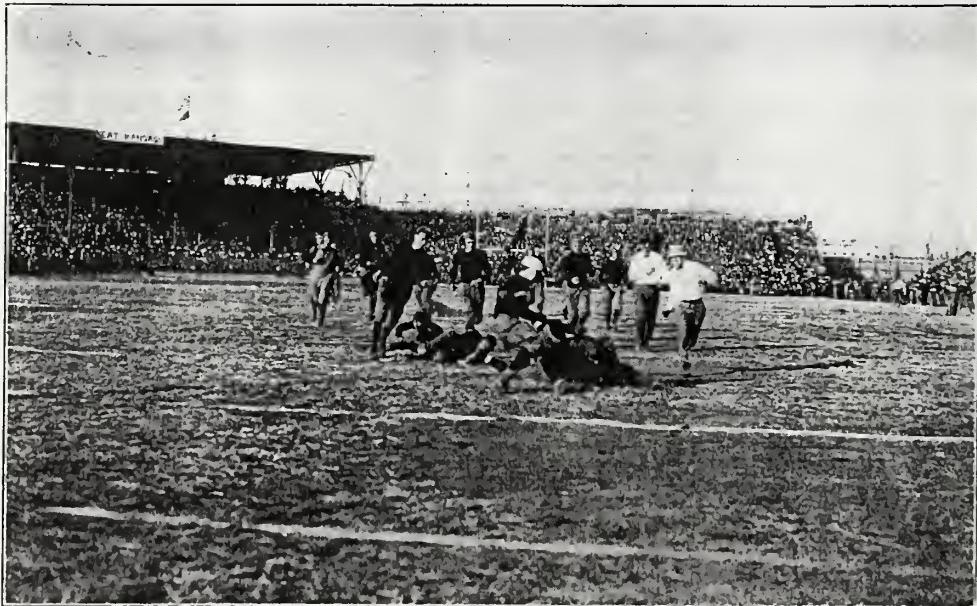
The voice of the boy was swallowed up in the cheering of a great host on the other side of the fence. For days this host had been assembling from Kansas and Missouri and for hours it had crushed its way through the entrance to that football field. Sixteen thousand five hundred and seventy-two persons had paid \$33,823 in two dollar and two and a half dollar amounts so that they might watch the same thing the boy was watching. Thousands of others had gathered on the surrounding hills and housetops for the same purpose. It was the greatest football gathering in the West. And that was not all. Around every newspaper, telegraph and telephone office in Kansas or Missouri, which had connections with the seat of the game, others were gathered to learn what the boy was seeing. The town was football mad, two universities were football mad, two states were football mad; and each state was desperately anxious to beat the other.

As the seventeen thousand in the grandstands and the three thousand on the houses and hills cheered, the little boy also cheered in a delirium of hope that his little voice might encourage the matchless Hackney or the muscular

Thatcher or the wiry Klein or one of the other Missouri athletes, to do some valorous thing, which would shake the men from the Sunflower state again know the bitter pang of defeat while the Tigers fed on victory.

As the boy cheered he climbed higher in the tree so that he could see better and cheer harder. He became so intent on the game that he paid no attention to the limbs on which he climbed. He took hold of a dead limb and rested on it his whole weight. The limb broke and the little Missourian fell through the lower branches to the ground. They picked him up and put him in an ambulance to hurry him to the hospital.

On the way he partly regained consciousness. His dazed mind raced through stories his father had told him. They were stories of a war. He fancied he could hear his father tell of the Smoky Hills to the East and he thought he could see men over there recruiting. To the West on the Prairies he thought he could see still others recruiting. The men in the hills rushed down across the athletic field where they met the men from the West. He remembered the names of John Brown, George W.



A Kansas gain around the end.

Clark, C. A. Hamilton and James Montgomery.

The doctors found he was not badly injured, so a nurse carried him off and tucked him in bed, but every once in a while as he half slept he murmured:

"Go after 'em, old Mizzou. Go after 'em. Lick Kansas."

The spirit that pervaded the heart of the little boy pervaded the hearts of all the loyal supporters of the two teams that afternoon. Many of them did not know what sent them to the game to

but he did know that the Kansans needed to keep their signals secret.

The veteran appointed himself to guard the practice. The second day of his vigil he saw a man approaching. It may have been a Missourian or it may not have been, but the soldier hadn't appointed himself guard with the intention of taking any chances.

"You'd better clear out," said the veteran.

"But I'm just a neutral. I won't tell anyone what I see."



*Woodbury carrying the ball of Kansas, tackled after making an end run.
X Hackney, Missouri's star player*

cheer, for a team they had never seen before or for a game they did not know. But the desire to see their state win had been handed down to them from their grandfathers, who, if they lived in Kansas, thought it was right to steal Missouri negroes, and if they lived in Missouri thought it was right to steal Kansas horses. The spirit of the little boy was exemplified in a veteran of the Civil War at the soldiers home at Leavenworth. The Kansas team had been sent there a few days before Thanksgiving for practice. The veteran knew little of football. He had hunted Missourians in his day with lead balls,

"Say, do you see that right arm of mine all crippled up?" demanded the veteran. "I got that down on Lexington's bluffs in '61 by believing a Mossback Missourian. Now you skedaddle."

It was with that spirit of "we're going to win, but just the same we're not going to take any chances," that the picked athletes met November 24 for the annual game. They had met in football with just the same spirit for a score of years before, and back in the fifties and sixties the ancestors of these players had met in real battle on the same grounds with the same spirit.

There was tremendous cheering



The touchdown by Ammons which saved Kansas from Defeat

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among the students before the game. There was the usual music from the bands. As an act of courtesy as the Kansas band paraded the field it stopped by the Missouri side and played the alma mater of the foe. The courtesy looked nice to the spectators, but down beneath the sweet music there was as much defiance as in the songs of the Jayhawkers of '61, who marched into the Battle of Wilson's Creek singing:

"And would I fear to steal a hoss
Or blush to ride the same?"

It was not, however, until after the first kickoff that the spectator aside from the students and alumnui of the universities, could be induced to cheer.

Missouri had the best of the game at first, but she lagged in the last period. Her touchdown came in the second period of play. It was the result of a skillful forward pass. Burress, the Missouri right end, had rushed forward to receive the pass. He was a foot from the Kansas line when the ball was thrown to him by Hackney. Burress was tackled as he caught it. With his

legs in the arms of the tackler he fell across the line to a touchdown without moving his feet. Missouri failed to get a try for goal on account of an unsuccessful kickout.

The Kansas score was made in the last period. It was made by a line plunge, but the play which brought the ball within striking distance of the goal was a forward pass. Johnson, the Kansas captain, dropped to one side of the field during scrimmage where he was unnoticed by the Missourians. Heil, the right half back threw the ball to him and before he was tackled by Klein, Missouri's safety man, he was within four yards of the goal. The ball was then given to Ammons, the powerful Kansas end, who had been put back of the line for that play.

"Hold that line! Beat Kansas!" begged the Missouri spectators as the teams lined up for scrimmage. "Go through 'em," yelled the Kansans. Men and women pushed each other in the grandstands in their eagerness to help. They tore up their chrysanthemums in their nervousness. A Missouri woman, who

had brought a little dog wearing the stripes of a Missouri tiger, put her hands about its throat and choked it in her earnestness to make the Missourians solid. She had never been to a university, but she remembered what her mother told her of the days when down in Jackson County, Mo., she had been forced to leave her home on account of Order No. 11. She just wanted to beat Kansas. "Hold that line!" she pleaded. The dog finally managed to escape from her embrace and with a half choked snarl he breathed again.

In contrast to the Missouri desperation was the jubilant Kansas yell. Time and again the Kansans gave forth their vibrant "Rock Chalk! Jayhawk! K. U.!" as only a Kansan used to the prairie air can give it. The mighty Ammons responded to that appeal. Spear, the Kansas center, snapped the ball back to Johnson. Johnson passed it to Ammons. Like a catapult Ammons shot into the line. There was a straining of muscles on the field, there was a straining of muscles in the grandstands. Then the referee placed his hands on Ammons

shoulder. The ball was six inches across the line.

How Kansas cheered. Back at Yale and Harvard with their centuries of traditions they have nothing to beat the "Rock Chalk" of the Kansans. But the shouting was not prolonged. A silence as of death settled over the grandstand as the two sides lined up for the try at goal. Could Kansas kick it? The touchdown tied the score. A goal would win the game. The kickoff was all right. Woodbury the Kansas left half, caught the ball straight back of the goal posts and there was a good chance for a goal. But Heil, the man who kicked, sent the ball too high. It was caught by the wind and carried out of line.

It missed by inches, and it was Missouri's turn to cheer, for the score was only tied.

Missouri had one opportunity to win the game during the third period, and except for the fault of one man on her own side she would have won. Hackney who won the game from Kansas in 1909 by kicking two field goals, saw an opportunity to kick a field goal in this

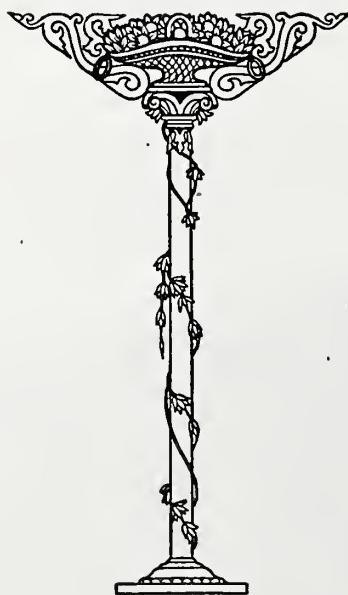


A small section of the crowd that saw the 1910 game

game. He tried a drop kick and the ball went between the posts. The Missouri grandstand rose in a delirium of joy. But the umpire shook his head. He called a foul on Captain Thatcher of Missouri for holding in the line.

The 1910 game between Missouri and Kansas was only a battle for second honors. First place in the Missouri Valley Conference had already gone to Nebraska, when she defeated Kansas at Lawrence by a score of 6 to 0. Nebraska did not play Missouri but Ames defeated Missouri 6 to 5 and Nebraska in turn defeated Ames 24 to 0. Missouri put Iowa out of all hopes for the championship by defeating her.

Although the game was not for the championship as it was in 1909, it was the game in the Missouri Valley which held the greatest interest. It will continue to be the game about which the most interest centers because of the intense rivalry between the two institutions handed down by the traditions of fifty years ago. The governing boards of Kansas and Missouri say they will take the game away from neutral ground next year and hereafter play the games on the campuses at Lawrence and Columbia. This will cut down the crowds but it will in no wise dim the interest by which the game is followed from year to year.



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PORLAND CEMENT--SOME OF ITS USES

By Vanton O. Foulk

HISTORIANS tell us of the Stone Age, and of the Bronze and Iron Ages, which have marked different stages of human development, but, for some reason, the knowledge and use of concrete as a factor in determining the status of ancient societies, as regards civilization, has been almost wholly neglected. Such knowledge, wherever found to exist, would seem to indicate an advanced type of social development. That the use of concrete was concomitant with, if not characteristic of, the highest civilization of ancient times cannot well be doubted. But, whatever may be said of the past, it is certain that, for the modern world, a Concrete Age has dawned. In this Twentieth Century the adaptation of Portland cement to the satisfaction of the wants of mankind,—wants to a large extent growing out of present social conditions—is becoming more and more apparent. The applications of this product now are so many, and so varied, as to make a complete enumeration quite impossible within the limits of this article.

Economists have recently called attention to the fact that our country's supply of timber, as well as of iron ore and coal, is being rapidly exhausted. Mr. James J. Hill, who may be considered an authority on this subject, declares that, within the next one hundred years, our forests will have been denuded and our coal and iron ore mines completely worked out. There may be some question as to coal and iron, but the forecast as to lumber would seem to be fully warranted. Unless tree planting and growing shall become far more universal in the near future than at present, a lumber famine will be upon us, and other materials will be required for construction work of all kinds.

Much has been said of late about the conservation of our natural resources,

and some legislation has resulted looking to this end. While but little of lasting benefit has so far been accomplished, yet the movement is in the right direction and should, in a general way, command the attention and approval of every American citizen. Whatever may be said of the philanthropical development of the human race, a characteristic often pointed to as the distinguishing feature of modern civilization, it must nevertheless be admitted that commercialism, more than anything else, dominates the world today. Men will not conserve the country's resources out of love for their fellows. Rather will they utilize these resources for their private gain. Our philosophy of life urges us to make the most of the present, letting the future take care of itself; so that about all that may be hoped for, in the way of conservation, as society is now constituted, is the prevention of excessive waste, and the more economical use of such resources as we have, as long as they may last.

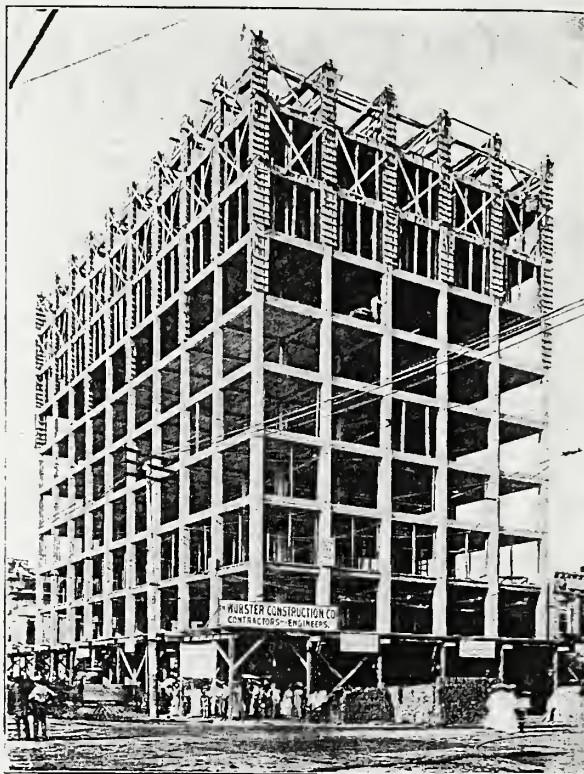
Government officials have been seeking substitutes for fuel, and for lumber and iron for building purposes. Their report, based upon a thorough investigation, is entirely reassuring so far at least as building materials are concerned. Portland cement is named as the proper substitute for lumber and steel. Limestone and shale, or clay, out of which cement is made, are found in inexhaustible quantities, and widely distributed throughout the country. As a matter of fact nature seems to have been abundantly supplied with these materials from the very beginning, for the crust of earth—and we know not what is within—is made up largely of carbonate of lime, silica and aluminum, the ingredients required in the production of cement. There need not, therefore, be any apprehension as to the possibility of

a calamity such as the complete exhaustion of building materials ever overtaking us, even though commercialism of the most pronounced type be allowed to work its will.

Architects and engineers are recognizing, more and more, the merits of cement and its superiority over all other materials in their special lines of work. In 1905 one barrel of cement was used in the United States for every thousand feet of lumber. In 1910 the proportion is sixteen barrels to each thousand feet of lumber. Even if the timber and iron situation were other than it is, cement, by reason of its enduring qualities, its cheapness, and the ease with which it may be applied, must eventually, in a large measure, supplant all other forms of structural material. In addition to this, new uses are being found for Portland almost daily, and the result of it all is a rapidly increasing demand for this product.

The people of the West are leaders in the use of cement, just as they are fore-runners of advanced political thought. The per capita consumption in the middle and western states is greater than the average for the country as a whole. Kansas occupies third place among the cement producing states, her output for the year ending June 30th, 1910 being 5,357,235 barrels, or more than the output for the entire country twelve years ago.

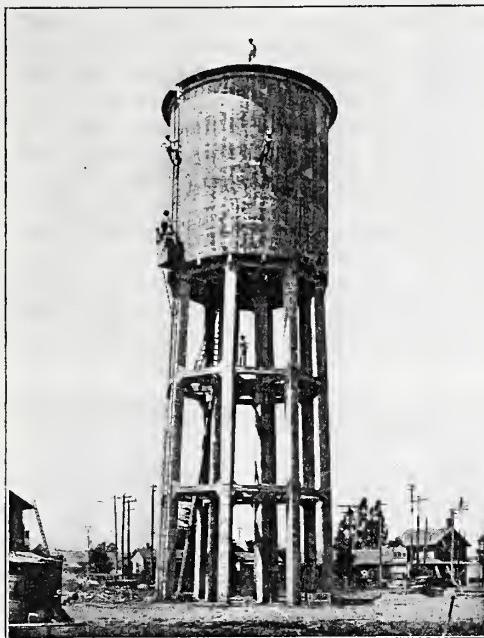
In these later days railroad building has been simplified and the cost of construction vastly reduced by the use of concrete. Without a knowledge of the proper use of this material no one can be rightfully classed as an engineer. Without the use of this product it is not probable that the great dam across the Mississippi River, the second largest in the world, and affording for manufacturing and other purposes 200 000 horse power, would ever have been attempted. Nor would the largest dam in the world, that across the Nile at Assuan, ever have



*The Sweiter Building under course of construction,
Wichita. Made of reinforced concrete*

been built. Americans are proud of the Panama Canal, the most gigantic feat of engineering work ever undertaken, little realizing that its construction would have been practically impossible but for concrete, of which approximately 100,000,000 cubic yards will be required.

One of the most difficult problems with which our city governments have to deal is the housing of the laboring poor. We are all more or less familiar with the deplorable conditions existing in the tenement districts of our large cities. Edison has devoted much time to a solution of this problem, and has devised a method by which houses may be constructed of cement throughout, at an extraordinarily low cost. These buildings are fire proof, are warm in the winter and cool in the summer, they are easily kept clean, and are, in every way, artistic, and, at the same time, the cost is so low as to place them within the



A concrete water tank lasts for years

reach of thousands of families now obliged to live in cramped and unhealthy quarters.. There can be no question, but that this method of building will grow in popularity and that it will also do much toward the improvement of social conditions in general.

The mental balance, so to say, of the average American, is such as to enable him readily to adapt himself to new and changing conditions. In a comparatively short time he even forgets that his present environment has ever been other than it is. All sidewalks, for instance, are now made of concrete, as a matter of course. While this method of sidewalk building has become general only within the last decade, we are now so familiar with it that we are inclined to question whether there ever was a time when men were so lacking in experience and foresight, as to use any other material for this purpose. These statements apply equally well to the use of Portland in the construction of foundation walls, bridge piers, and culverts. Cement is the one material now universally employed in work of this character.

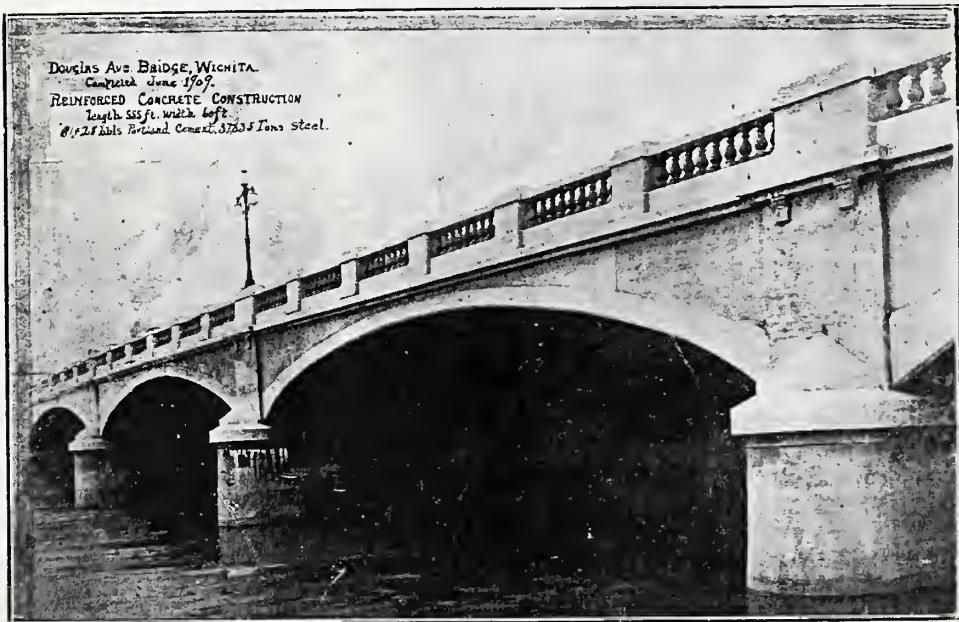
The method of construction known as reinforced concrete is not really new,

having been known and applied by the Romans as early as 100 years B. C. Not much use, however, was made of the principle until within the last century. In 1840 reinforced concrete was used in Paris and in 1854 the method was covered by a patent in England, and was used in constructing floors and beams. There has not, however, in modern times been any particular development along this line until within the last decade, the experiment in a practical way having been made first in this country about eight years ago. In the beginning, much doubt was expressed as to the outcome, but applications of the method in building the so-called skyscrapers, factories, bridges, etc., have been uniformly successful. Indeed, structural work, involving reinforced concrete, has now become so general as to be almost commonplace. Nearly every city and town of any importance in the United States has its concrete buildings or bridges. And yet it must be apparent to the most casual observer that in this new departure, scarcely more than a beginning has been made. Reinforced concrete is also extensively used in the manufacture of sewer pipe, fence posts, telegraph poles, in the building of dams, retaining walls, elevators, and in other ways too numerous to mention. It is fair to predict that, within the next twenty-five years, this method of applying Portland will have become universal.

The experiments in the use of cement for street paving, which have been carried on for several years, are proving successful. It seems to have been demonstrated that pavement made entirely of concrete is more durable, better adapted to general conditions, and less expensive, than that made from any other material. The progress thus far made, warrants the prediction that, in a comparatively short time, the problem of street paving, which has been so perplexing to city and town authorities, involving as it has, a large outlay of money, and much annoyance and great waste as well, will have been satisfactorily solved by the use of this product. Country roads come in this class, and can only be made good permanently and at a proper cost, by the use of cement macadam.

Portland cement must, eventually, become of very great importance to the farmer. The scarcity of timber, together with the necessary farm economies, must bring about the almost exclusive use of this material for dwellings, barns and other buildings, water troughs, tanks, siloes, paving, fence posts, tiling, etc. For all of these purposes, cement is better and cheaper than any other material. It can be applied by unskilled labor, and when the work is completed, it need never be replaced, for,

need never fear fire, cyclones, or earthquakes. The great fire at Baltimore, Maryland some years ago, and the recent fire and earthquake at San Francisco, furnish conclusive proof of this statement. In the cases named, no buildings survived these destructive forces of nature except those constructed of concrete. When the time comes to depart to "The undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns," one may also, by proper foresight, provide for the housing of his remains.



Intercity concrete bridge, Wichita, Kansas

so far as human experience goes, concrete is indestructible.

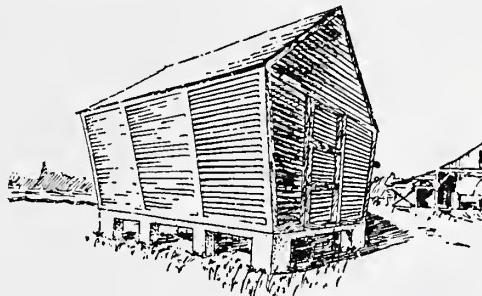
Now, one may have, if he so desires, a home of which foundations, walls, roof, floors, doors, casings, window sash, stair-case, bath tubs, and sinks are made entirely of concrete. He may surround his home with cement sidewalks and steps and ornament it with statuary and bric-a-brac of the same material. He may supply his kitchen with a variety of articles made of cement, and for use in the culinary department of his establishment. Such a home, so fitted up, would be cheap, artistic, comfortable, and durable. The occupant

in an indestructible vault made of cement, and for the commemoration of his good deeds on a headstone of moulded concrete; and his friends, if he be so fortunate as to have any, may preserve for all time the semblance of his physical form by erecting his statue fashioned out of concrete.

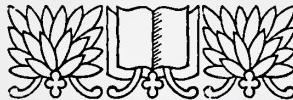
Prophecy would seem to be dependable only insofar as it represents legitimate conclusions, drawn from well known facts and conditions, together with inherent tendencies, as shown by experience. Thus viewing the matter, one need not hesitate to predict a much more extensive and diversified applica-

tion of Portland cement to the needs of mankind in the next century than now, or at any time heretofore. It goes without saying that no other material will be used for building and engineering work in general. We shall doubtless have concrete streets and roads. The use of concrete ties, water tanks, and telegraph poles will have become general and much of the railway equipment will be built in the same manner. Our merchandise will be carried in cement bottoms on the high seas and on inland lakes and streams. Recent experiments

lead us to believe that, unless the dove of peace shall by that time have forever settled over the nations of earth, obviating the necessity for armed conflicts, our vessels of war, in the construction of which large quantities of cement are now used, will be built wholly of this same product. In short, those who come after us will, to all intents and purposes, live in a concrete world. The possibilities of Portland cement in human economy are well nigh unlimited. It is destined to play a very important part in the development of the race.



A Concrete Corn Crib



Locked

Once, in a silent castle where I sought,
I found an hundred caskets, beaten gold
They were. A ring of jeweled pearl did hold
Full many silver keys. I deftly wrought
Till nine-and-ninety caskets, yielding naught,
Lay opened. But in one hid wealth untold
Without a key its secret to unfold;
Nor did I dare of force to offer aught.

Along the poppied border of each day
Some willing form awaits me, lily fair,
But all soul empty, and I turn away.
The heart I crave, locked in a casket rare,
Withholds its burden; I may only pray
For patience, and for strength to leave it there.

A. R. BUZICK.

Some Plays and Players that are Amusing New York this Winter

By Ruth Crosby Dimmick

TO those who live in the suburbs or small towns adjacent to a big city and must travel back and forth on scheduled time, the very title of James Forbes' latest offering, "The Commuters," will bring a smile; for even that pathetic situation of running for a train at the last moment only to have the guard slam the gate in one's face, presents a picture that appeals to the sense of humor in the average individual.

Mr. Forbes has dealt with a newly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Larry Brice, and a number of their friends and neighbors. The Brices live in the suburbs of New York. Their home is most attractive and they would apparently be very happy were it not for the young hubby's propensity for staying out late at night and his fondness for the companionship of a certain bachelor friend, one Sammy Fletcher, who stands in none too high favor with Mrs. Brice. One Friday night (and Larry should have known better on a Friday) after an evening in town, Brice returns home, accompanied by Fletcher who is stowed away in the spare bed-room unknown to Mrs. Brice. They must have had a particularly fine evening, since at the breakfast table the next morning, hubby has quite forgotten the presence of his friend in the house until some of his neighbors drop in on their way to the station and Sammy's name is mentioned. Then he remembers, but his train—like death and taxes—will not wait, no matter what a man's family troubles may be, so he has to run away leaving Fletcher to take care of himself as best he can. In endeavoring to do this a few hours later, the unwelcome guest is discovered by wifey and as he apparently has what is known as a "hangover" he gets into all sorts of trouble before the day is far advanced.

He unintentionally makes love to the maid, gets mixed up with a woman's suffrage club which is meeting at the house and winds up by being arrested for a burglar, from which predicament he is only rescued by the timely appearance of Brice. Just before dinner the maid gives notice. She has evidently been offended at something Sammy has done; says she was not hired to wait on him and "quits on the spot." Then Mrs. Brice, left in the lurch goes out to the neighbors to borrow things for dinner and while she is away Brice and Fletcher decide to go to the country club for a square meal. When wifey returns, her arms full of edibles, she finds a note stating that the men have gone to the club.

Well, Brice probably never regretted an outing more in all his life, for when he returned home in the wee small hours, Mrs. Brice is gone. She steals in only after the lights are extinguished and he and Sammy retired to their rooms, but they hear her and when an explanation is demanded she has none to give, (though she has been merely in hiding). The tables are now turned. Brice does the worrying, this time while poor, helpless Sammy gets blamed for it all and old Nick is to pay, in general.

It is not until the next morning, "the quiet, peaceful Sabbath morn in the country" that Fletcher has heard so much about, that matters are straightened out after Brice's mother-in-law and several innocent friends have been called into the affair.

Taylor Holmes, who carries the role of Sammy Fletcher, has a small son who is a chip of the old block. He listens intently to the conversation of his elders and nothing is lost that ever reaches his ears.

One morning he heard his father and mother discussing a new maid.



Florence Reed, daughter of the late Roland Reed

"She seems all right," said Mr. Holmes "only she makes me nervous asking so many questions."

That afternoon the young hopeful was taken out for a walk by his nurse and upon his return the new maid met him at the door.

"Did you have a nice time?" she asked.

"Yes," he returned, "I had a nice time; didn't see anybody; was a good boy; got some candy and am glad I went."



Helen Ware's ability as an actress of first rank has for some time been fully established. Her understanding and complete control of intensely dramatic situations won for her a place of distinction in "The Third Degree" and now Henry B. Harris has wisely seen fit to star her in "The Deserters," a military melodrama in which there is much opportunity for the display of her exceptional versatility.

The action of the play begins and ends at an army post though the second act transpires in a water-front saloon in San Francisco.

Lieutenant Craig and Captain Harrison become engaged in a brawl in the home of Mrs. Marston whose husband is not in at the time. Craig gets the best of Harrison, and leaves the house under the impression that he has committed murder. The Captain revives, however, and Mrs. Marston is holding his head in her arms, trying to give him aid, when her husband enters and discovering the unexpected situation naturally arrives at quick conclusions and draws his revolver. Before an explanation can be



Helen Ware starring in "The Deserters"

made, Harrison is dead. This, as you see, leaves conditions somewhat complicated. Craig has fled, thinking he murdered his Captain, and Marston, the real murderer can hardly be expected to rush out and confess his crime.

Matters are in this state when the young woman detective is engaged to find the deserter and takes the case, being assured that capital punishment is not involved. She traces Craig to San Francisco and finally traps him into confession in a water-front dive where she is disguised as a music hall singer. Of course she falls in love with him, otherwise there would be but little excuse for the interest she henceforth takes in his case.

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and naturally she does not believe the man she loves capable of a grave crime, so her detective instinct gets busy with the result that she traces down the real murderer, Marston, and presents her case to the authorities back at the post as no case was ever presented before, and the finale is as the finale to all really truly love stories should be.

The West may be justly proud of Helen Ware, who having left her home in California, has, after the inevitable struggles of women ambitious for the footlights, reached the top of her profession and is a Broadway Star—the goal of every man and woman on the American stage.



Florence Reed, daughter of the late Roland Reed, who has earned her many laurels through earnest endeavor and not because she is the daughter of a well known man (and this distinction she tells me has been more of a detriment than help to her in her work) never tires of telling stories concerning her famous father, who if report be true, seldom required the services of a press agent—so great was his ability at story-telling.

The following is a yarn handed down from father to daughter:

A certain man who haunted Reed with due regularity when the latter was playing in town, approached the actor one evening and asked for a pass for two. Reed assured the man that he would be only too glad to do all he could, but he could not possibly get seats without paying for them himself.

"O pshaw!" said the fellow in dubious tone, "See if you can't squeeze me out a couple."

"I tell you I can only do that by paying for them," returned Reed.

"But anywhere will do, can't you fix me up in the gallery?"

Reed invited the man to accompany him to the box office where he could see for himself what occurred. They went to the window and the actor passed a five-dollar bill in to the cashier saying: "Give me two seats."

The man seemed really surprised. "Is that straight goods, Roland?" he asked.

"Why of course, it is," was the answer, "don't you see my money there?"

"Well, if you've got to pay for them you might as well make it three," said the other, "my wife's sister wants to go along."





COMPENSATION

God planned my life so it should hold.
Much labor, grief and care;
For me, no Orient lands unfold
Their treasures rich and rare:
But, oh, to sit in summer's dusk,
Beneath the brooding sky,
(My babe at breast, my heart at rest)
And watch the sunset die.

MABEL HILLYER EASTMAN.

Book Reviews

UNCLE WALT Uncle Walt the Poet Philosopher, has compiled a book. It would be an insult to Kansas intelligence to tell who Uncle Walt is, or what he does. May we be allowed just to express a little of our appreciation, nothing more. Many years ago the critics of Byron berated him for his "fatal facility" of rhyming and doubted whether he was a poet for that reason. The generations since have settled that question and Byron is quite securely established in the Hall of Fame as a Real Poet in spite of the fact that he rhymed so easily. If that test were applied to Walt Mason it would be "heraus mit 'im'" No man ever rhymed as easily, with such "fatal facility" as Uncle Walt. No human being ever undertook before to write a poem every day. Talk about eating one hundred quail in one hundred days, it is nothing to three hundred poems a year. Necessarily the author must rhyme easily. But is that a test? Well hardly, for down in our hearts we have the sure conviction that Walt Mason, is something more than Walter the Rhymer. That he is a real poet. His extraordinary command of colloquial English, his quaint humor and sweet whole-souled philosophy of life, the feat of writing a poem a day for unnumbered days, would be enough to give him a niche of his own, to set him quite apart from all the other quill drivers who exist to-day. But when we read the "Little Green Tents," "Geronimo Aloft," "The Sexton's Inn," "Little Pilgrims," "The Journey" "Lincoln's Eyes" and others of his more serious moods we are quite inclined to think that some day Walt Mason will join the "Choir Invisible."

Listen to this: "I am tired of the endless question that comes and will not begone, when I face to the East and witness, the miracle of the dawn; the march of the shining coursers, O'er forest, sea, and land, the splendor of gorgeous colors applied by the Captain's hand, the parting of crimson curtains

afar in the azure steep; The hush of a world-wide wonder, when even the zephyrs sleep."

Is that not poetry? If it is not there is none anywhere. But what's the use? Who cares whether he is a poet or not? who cares what posterity will say of him? It is enough that he delights several million readers every day with stuff that is quite unlike anything his contemporaries write; that he is a fresh surprise, a well-spring of joy every morning. Posterity may think what it likes, we love Uncle Walt and his rhymes. May he live long and continue, unquenched till the end.



THE GIRL WHO LIVED by Marjorie IN THE WOODS Bent on Cooke, is a present day story of Chicago. The girl who lived in the woods was a young artist, native to Chicago Bohemia, who fled from the city and settled down in a log cabin in the woods of a large estate. She is an original creature, well drawn, decidedly interesting.

Into the thread of her life is woven the story of a young couple, estranged by too much money, who find each other again in the loss of their fortune, and a middle aged Judge who ends by marrying the girl who lived in the woods. It is a charming story and some thing more, for it has much strength and the characters are all very much alive.

The Girl Who Lived in the Woods, McClurg and Co., Chicago, Price \$1.50.



PRINCESS SAYRANE by Edith Ogden Harrison. Between the Twelfth and Fourteenth Centuries there was a current legend, of a great Christian Prince, in Asia or Africa, who came to be known as Presbyter John. He was said to have written to the Pope, who sent him an embassy

that never returned. Fabulous stories were told of his power and splendor, his wealth and the gorgeousness of his Court. So far as known no such Prince ever existed, but in that day when the Paynim hordes were pressing hard on the out posts of Christianity the Faithful loved to believe there was a great Christian power somewhere in the Far East that would check the rising power of the Heathen.

The book deals with Prester John, his anonymous courtship of the Princess Sayrane, daughter of the Caliph of Egypt, herself a Christian and their marriage when his identity is discovered. As a novelist may, some liberties are taken with history, but in the main Egyptology, the stage setting, and the characters presented are accurately portrayed and fully as convincing as the average historical novel.

The book on the whole is interesting and the love story well told.

Princess Sayrane. McClurg and Co. Chicago. Price \$1.35.

nuribers, when their horses were exhausted and the band starving. A portion of the band under Little Wolf made good their escape and joined Sitting Bull in Canada. It was a wonderful march, never surpassed in the annals of warfare, and the author does full justice to the indomitable old chief. The whole book is profoundly interesting and readable.

Reminiscences of a Ranchman. McClurg and Co., Chicago. Price \$1.50.

I.

SUNFLOWER STORIES by Olive AND LULLABIES A. Smith.

When we reviewed this charming book for the October Number of the Magazine we were unable to tell our readers where it might be bought. It is published by the Brethren Publishing Co., of Elgin, Ill., price 50c. We know of no more charming gift book for children or grownups.

II.

ALONG THE OLD TRAIL by Joseph S. Vernon. This little book will be found an attractive and useful book for every one who lives along the Santa Fe Trail and for all those who go up and down it.

The book covers the Old Trail with its history and many of stirring incidents and the New with its magnificent development, its cities and towns, its farms and ranches, and irrigated lands. It is profusely illustrated and has complete automobile guide giving turns, distances etc. for the whole length of the Trail.

Along the Old Trail. The Tucker Vernon Co., Larned and Cimarron, Kan. Price 50 cts.

III.

AN INDIAN POET Alexander L. Posey was born near Eufaula of a Scotch father and full blooded Creek mother, in 1873, and was accidentally drowned in the North Canadian in 1908. Until he was twelve years old he never spoke English, but before his untimely death, he so learned.

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REMINISCENCES OF A RANCHMAN by Edgar Beechler

Bronson, is about the best book on western life that we have seen. Mr. Bronson is an accomplished writer who spent some years on a western ranch and knows what he is writing about. It is probably the most truthful picture of the real life on a cow ranch in the early eighties that has ever been written. Some of the chapters are particularly strong. His description of the Cheyenne campaign of 1878, is the first account of that remarkable raid, almost unparalleled in history, that does justice to the Indian side. It will be remembered that Dull Knife the Cheyenne Chief, who with his band had been taken from the northwest and placed at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, in an unwholesome climate, found his people dying by the dozen and in desperation finally broke away and started for their old home in Montana. The Band marched a thousand miles incumbered by women and children, broke through four military lines of defense, fought several pitched battles and only succumbed to

his father's tongue as to become largely the mouth-piece of his mother's tribe in many capacities, as teacher, interpreter and official of the Dawes Commission; and moreover, mastered some of the most difficult forms of English verse, so completely, that reading his poems one would not imagine that he was of other than American blood.

His poems with a short biography have been compiled by William Elsey Conolley and published by Crane and Company of Topeka.

To any one interested in the aborigines of this Continent, the volume will be full of interest. It cannot be said that Posey is a great poet. He is a master of pleasing verse in many forms. Much of his verse is faultless in expression, but he never deals with the larger problems of human life. His poetry is full of the music of the woods and waters, the bloom of a flower, the many hued aspects of nature in that very beautiful land where he was born and reared, but he deals with the passions of the moment; the Past and the Future are not for him. He was in all essentials of intellect an Indian. He says himself of his people:

"All of my people are poets, natural-born poets, gifted with wonderful imaginative power and the ability to express in sonorous, musical phrases their impressions of life and nature. If they could be translated into English without losing their characteristic beauty and flavor, many of the Indian songs and poems would rank among the greatest productions of all time. Some of them are masterpieces. They have a splendid dignity, gorgeous word-pictures, and reproduce with magic effect many phases of life in the forest—the glint of the fading sunshine falling on the leaves, the faint stirring of the wind, the whirring of insects—no detail is too small to escape their observation, and the most fleeting

and evanescent impressions are caught and recorded in most exquisite language. The Indian talks in poetry; poetry is his vernacular—not necessarily the stilted poetry of books, put the free and untrammelled poetry of Nature, the poetry of the fields, the sky, the river, the sun and the stars. In his own tongue it is not difficult for the Indian to compose,—he does it instinctively; but in attempting to write in English he is handicapped. Words seem hard, form mechanical, and it is to these things that I attribute the failure of the civilized Indian to win fame in poetry."

Poetry to him was an expression of the temporary emotions, a wind swept peak, a murmuring river, a blossoming flower. The past, the future, human destiny, concerned him very little. As an expression of the highest phases of Indian intelligence the book is profoundly interesting and he will stand for a time at least as the supreme exponent of that ancient race that is so rapidly passing away.

¶

"THE COURTSHIP OF TAGS" is the title of a neat little book which has just been published by O. R. Wertz, the author.

Readers of the Wichita Beacon are familiar with the joys and sorrows of Tags whom Mr. Wertz has made famous; and coming at this time the little book makes a very appropriate holiday gift.

The cover of the book is in two colors and the book itself is printed on heavy colored paper not easily soiled. Mr. Wertz is well known as the cartoonist of the Beacon and his little book, "The Courtship of Tags" no doubt will meet with a ready sale. O. R. Wertz, Wichita, 50c net.



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Here and There



THE FIRE ALARM Every once in awhile, well intentioned people, ring the fire bells, and announce that unless something is done right away posterity will be left without fuel, motive power, without heat or light. And these amiable gentlemen shed the light of their ignorance upon a subject that most people know nothing about; the whole country wakes up and begins to talk about conserving our resources, our sacred duty to posterity, and as a result in many lines, natural development is retarded; great projects suffer, great regions of the country have their natural resources, necessary to their development tied up, all because of that Sacred Posterity that is thinking just as little about us as we were thinking about our ancestors a generation ago.

Just recently some of these amiable enthusiasts have discovered that in a hundred years or so, all our coal will be exhausted and posterity will have nothing wherewith to heat and light itself, and above all nothing for motive power.

However, while this has been going on scientific men, have been going about investigating the matter and they arrive at conclusions widely different from the fire alarmists.

Prof. Fernald, who has been investigating the matter of fuel for the United States Geological Survey has recently issued a pamphlet, Bulletin 416 of that Department, that we commend to the attention of the gentlemen who are so alarmed over the fate of Posterity.

The general public has been so long accustomed to the idea of steam produced by coal as the sole motive power for all purposes, that they have doubtless not followed the development of the gas engine. In its commonest form, we know it as the gasoline engine that propels automobiles. But there is another type of the gas engine, now coming into use that promises to entirely supersede the steam engine in all its forms.

It is well known to any one who has to do with steam engines that they are enormously wasteful. The ordinary steam engine produces only five to eight per cent of the coal power actually consumed. In other words ninety-two to ninety-five per cent of all the energy stored up in the coal consumed is wasted and only the small residuum is actually saved and exerted. The best gas engines on the contrary produce as high as twenty five per cent of the energy consumed.

Until the discovery of the gas engine, lignite coal was supposed to be practically worthless, although it is the most abundant and widely diffused of all coals. It stands half-way between peat and coal. In the conversion of vegetable matter into coal measures, lignite is the second stage. It still shows the leaf and bark forms abundantly, but it has low fuel value and is practically useless for steam engines. But by converting it first into "producer gas" and then using it in a

gas engine, it shows far greater motive energy than the best anthracite in a steam engine.

Thus the best Illinois steam coal produces one horse power to 5.27 pounds, while North Dakota lignite produces in a gas engine one horse power from 2.82 pounds.

Lignite compressed into briquettes shows high heating power and makes the most economical fuel that has yet been discovered. Lignite is found throughout the west from Texas to the Canada line and the Geological Survey gives some astonishing figures of the amount in sight above the thousand foot level. To merely quote the figures is to amaze the imagination, for they reach the enormous total of 1,395,423,000,000 tons. This, as compared with a total in the great Pennsylvania coal fields, anthracite and bituminous, of 112,500,000,000. To put it in another way, the total amount of coal mined to date in the United States is just fifteen one hundredths of one per cent of Dakota's supply of lignite alone, to say nothing of Texas, New Mexico, Montana and Colorado. Alaska has probably as much more.

So it will be seen from these figures that there is no immediate danger of our running out of coal for warmth or for power. The process of briquetting lignite is in its infancy but is already a great industry. The gas engine renders available this vast amount of fuel heretofore esteemed valueless, and we may contemplate with comparative equanimity the approaching exhaustion of the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

CRAZY CONSERVATION The matter of lignite just discussed calls to mind some other shibboleths of conservation, just now such a fad. Mr. Pinchot who is an excellent man, a faddist, with one idea, very high-minded and conscientious, and also very impractical, is responsible for the conservation fad. According to Mr. Pinchot if we do not do something right away, all the natural resources of the country will be exhausted or monopolized within a very short time. Our beloved grandchildren will have to go to bed to keep warm or pay exorbitant tribute to some Trust.

From the figures just quoted, you will observe that there is no immeditate danger of any one going without fire or motive power in this country. But there is another aspect of Conservation that has received but little discussion from any source and none from Pinchot and his followers. Conceding that we ought to conserve our coal measures,—and there is some argument for that though not so much as generally thought,—what about our water power? There conservation is simply waste. Let us state this clearly. If there is a ton of coal in the ground and we do not mine it today it will be there tomorrow. It will not run away. But if there is a horsepower of energy in a falling stream, that might if har-

nessed be driving a motor, every day that it goes unharnessed is so much power wasted; gone never to be recovered. So that the methods applied to preserving our coal resources are wholly inapplicable to the water-power question.

With millions of horse-power going to waste annually in our streams, it would be thought that any one who was ready to develop this horse-power and put it to beneficial use and stop the waste, would be met with open arms, welcomed, encouraged and helped. But such is not the case. The Forestry Department "views with alarm" every attempt to develop the water-power on our forest reserves; hampers those who would do the development work with absurd requirements, regards them with suspicion, and seizes every opportunity to thwart and defeat their efforts. I know what I am talking about. I know that any man or set of men who go into our forest reserves, to develop the water power now going to waste will have the whole Forestry Department to fight. Every step will be hampered and hindered by a set of young men who know very little about hydro-electric power, and whose idea seems to be to "conserve" our water-power by letting it go to waste. They treat it exactly as though it were a coal field that could be saved from waste.

UNFAIR CONSERVATION There is another feature of the "New Nationalism," that deserves some consideration. The New Nationalism proposes to conserve all these natural resources, principally in the mountain states, for the benefit of the whole nation, and the nation applauds. Let us look at it.

When Kansas was organized as a state, a vast amount of land was given her for school purposes. Part of this went to endow the Agricultural College. Another great part was sold, the proceeds invested for the benefit of the Common Schools. Suppose that now Pennsylvania and New York should demand a share of this, as part of the "National Resources." How would we like it? And yet this vast domain was at one time part of the property of the United States.

The older Eastern states had their natural resources and used them, sold them, gave them away, wasted or conserved them as seemed best to them. We saved ours, and have the money to show for it. About all the natural resources the mountain states have are their water powers and mineral lands. Of agricultural land such as Kansas had, they have little. But the New Nationalism proposes to take from these newer states, those resources, the equivalent of the agricultural and swamp lands the older states had and wasted, and hold them for the benefit of those states who had far greater resources but fooled them away. Is that fair?

Broadly stated, that is the whole controversy between the Roosevelt-Pinchot idea and the Western idea. These states say that these water-power and mineral resources belong to those states individually just as much as the Kansas school lands belonged to Kansas. And this is emphatically true. But it is said that if these resources are left to the states they will be corruptly frittered away and monopolized and that Congress alone should control them. And this talk comes from men who more than

any others are continually asserting that Congress and particularly the Senate, is corrupt and dominated by the "Interests."

In other words, we in the older states fooled away or saved our resources, but any way we had them. But the newer states must not have theirs, but must turn them over to all the people of the United States.

HOW IT WORKS Pursuant to this policy and following the lines laid down by Pinchot, the Forestry Department, mainly composed of high-minded but impracticable men, is stifling as much as it can the progress of these new states.

I have a case in mind that illustrates very fully its policy. Some individuals had taken placer claims on a California River, far from transportation. They spent a good deal of money developing them. They were mainly poor men but they managed to prove up on their claims, and consolidated them into a little corporation. In the Land Office they had a fight with the Great Southern Pacific Railroad Company, whose land grant lapped over onto these claims. The mine owners showed to the satisfaction of the Land Office that this was mineralized lands not subject of railroad grant.

So they won out, beat this great corporation, but it cost the mine owners a good deal of money. Assessments had to be made and were met by the poorer owners of stock with great difficulty and some had to give up their stock. About that time the Western Pacific built along this property, giving transportation and the holders of stock began to sit up and think that pretty soon they could sell their property for a good price. They did sell it for a million dollars, after an investigation that convinced the purchasers that it was mineral land, true placer ground. Just as the sale was to be concluded some of the young men in the Forestry Department protested the issuance of the patent to the owners, on the ground that it was not mineral land, the very question once decided by the land office, and the patent is held up until another trial can be had before the same body that has once decided the question. This sounds incredible does it not, that these people having once beaten the Southern Pacific should now have to fight the Government on the same proposition? But it is true, and I can give you location and facts.

Well, it is expensive fighting Uncle Sam and another assessment must be made to pay expenses and a few more of the poorer stock holders will be frozen out. You and I, tax-payers of Uncle Sam, are paying the Forestry people to fight that end, but the mine owners must dig into their pockets to pay for their fight, the second one they have had before the same tribunal on the same question.

Now why? Because of the Pinchot agitation. Every young man in the Forestry Department is seeking to make a Glavis of himself, get a reputation and get his name in some magazine or newspaper.

And meanwhile the great natural resources of these newer and poorer states are the playthings of such injustice, such anonymous tyranny as this.

Believe me, there are two sides to the Conservation Question.

WICHITA'S "HIDDEN ROOM" HOAX

By A. Dunlap

WICHITA, Peerless Princess of the Plains, and second largest city in Kansas, does not lay claim to being the original "Spotless Town." Her most righteous citizens will not maintain that the place is entirely without sin. Her mayor and ministers of the gospel admit that there is work of grace yet to be done.

Conceding the above facts however, the most ardent muckracker, who has taken any pains at all to investigate, must admit that Wichita is today maintaining as high a moral standard as any town of her size in the United States. This last statement is made advisedly and in face of the fact that the town of late has been given an almost endless amount of unsavory publicity.

Some of the adverse publicity concerning Wichita that has been published far and wide, is founded upon real facts. The town has undergone a "cleaning," as every town of its size should of necessity undergo, occasionally. Notwithstanding this fact however, she has been given a scandalous publicity that is purely fiction and buncombe of the lowest order. We refer to the "Hidden Room" hoax that has been published broad-cast all over the United States, much to the detriment and discredit of one of the most prosperous and up-to-date Kansas municipalities.

When the City Hall of Wichita was built, there was fashioned—and exists today—a large room in the basement. This room is the store room and "central" of the city electrical service. All the wires pass through the room, and the signal or "joker" box is located there. Should an accident occur to the service at night—the blowing out of a fuse, or a general mix-up, such as an electrical or wind storm might occasion—the signal is received at this

point, and there is an extension telephone maintained, connected with the main office, for the purpose of communication. It is not a lovely room. One has to pass the basement elevator and several offices to reach it, and all the large steam pipes of the building pass through, making the room unbearably hot most of the time.

About fifteen years ago, when it was found necessary that a man be stationed in the room the most of the time at night, a corner was partitioned off for a sleeping room. The room thus created was furnished by the electrician then in charge, and when a new man took his place, he in turn placed his own furniture in the room.

And so it went on from year to year, and from one administration to the other. No one thought for a moment that any harm could come from the cubby hole in the corner. In time the more valuable pieces of apparatus were placed in the newer room for safe keeping, and a lock placed on the door. It was a very simple matter of detail, connected with the municipal machinery, and was never considered anything more.

But the years rolled by, and a mischief-maker arose in the person of a discharged employe who had been let out on account of his convivial habits. Galled by the loss of his job, and goaded on by a newspaper, hungry for a sensation, and a number of citizens who "had it in" for certain parties connected with the administration, this ex-employe originated a plan of revenge that was worthy of the press agent of a three ring circus. He caused to be gathered together certain articles used exclusively by women, which the Fire Boys, in a spirit of hilarity, had appropriated from the ruins of a house of ill-fame which had been burned some time before. These articles he placed in the sleeping-room,

above mentioned, arranging them with a master hand. Then a newspaper reporter was called in, and much to the disgust of the majority of loyal Wichitans a sensational and unsavory story was published. Some one was due for a "killing," and the time was at hand. A "hidden room" fitted with terrible evidence, and seething with immorality and crime had been discovered. The lock had been forced (with a pen-knife) and all of the horrors laid bare. A few cigarettes, a whiskey bottle and a number of towels (used by electricians in the "washing up" process in the outer room) were found, and added horror to the ghastly spectacle. The staff photographer was called in, and illustrations columns wide and inches long lent power to the facile pen of the reporter. It was a wonderful scoop.

The story was copied all over the United States, and Wichita acquired a most unsavory reputation by it all. The public, as a rule, prefers to believe ill of municipalities as well as of individuals, and this story about Wichita was repeated by scoundrelmongers far and near. And it was at this time that officials under fire, becoming disgusted with it all, and the constant stream of visitors daily, ordered the "Hidden Room" torn out. The officials then visited the home of the bedridden genius, and the patient suffering a temporary relapse of conscience, and expecting to pass through the Pearly Gates ere long, made an affidavit admitting the whole story to be a cheap hoax. Consternation reigned, but the sick man had signed his name to the statement, and therefore stood pat. Then the Angel of Death flapped

his wing and fluttered away, disgusted, and the erstwhile city employe arose from his bed recovered in strength.

But the mischief had been done and Wichita is still being referred to as the "Hidden Room" town. Moral people shy at her and there are actually a number of credulous folks who have refused to send their children to the educational institutions of Wichita because of the City's "awful depravity."

But the public wanted to know, and therefore the Civil Service Commission took the matter in hand, spending much time and money and perspiring profusely. After it was all thoroughly investigated, it was discovered that the Commission had arrived at the starting point, having used up reams of paper that were covered with testimony which proved that there had actually existed a room in the basement of Wichita's City Building. Further than this nothing was found.

Other investigations were made, the meetings taking place in the Council Chamber, and open to the public at large. Large crowds came out of curiosity to learn the details about the dark and mysterious "Hidden Room." About the only result of these gatherings was the proverbial horse-laugh.

Finally, the City Commission becoming completely disgusted with repeated accusations of "white washing" the affair, ordered all of the testimony taken under oath, printed. As was expected, this testimony revealed nothing but hearsay and idle gossip. Today nothing remains of Wichita's mysterious Hidden Room but a memory, kept green by those whose business it is to peddle scandal.

Some Prickly Pears

By Mack Cretcher

People who jump at conclusions seldom alight on solid facts.

Some men who swear off on New Year's Day, continue to swear on.

It is better to have made a few mistakes than never to have made anything.

Ever notice the fact that nearly all the "lucky" men are also hard workers?

You can't judge a man by his bank account nor a Christian by his prayers.

The fisherman who uses too much bottled bait is liable to catch nothing but snakes.

The scratching of the wolf at the door doesn't seem to frighten the stork in the least.

As a rule the man that feeds you "taffy" expects that he will be pretty well paid for the job.

The bigger your hurry to get to the top the greater your chances of taking a tumble.

It takes a good deal longer to live down a bad reputation than it does to lose a good one.

What's the use of worrying over future troubles? Isn't there enough of them in the present to keep you busy?

Some men are such tight wads that they are afraid to open their hearts for fear somebody will drive in a wedge.

In order that his fame shall not lag, Walter Wellman should soon take his cat and start out on an airship journey to the moon.

If John D. should happen to live for a hundred years you had just as well hand him your little wad right now. He would get it all anyway.

Do a man an injury and he will spend sleepless nights in figuring out a plan to "get even." Do the same man a favor and he will accept it as a matter of course and forget all about trying to even that score.

One little flower in the sick room is worth more than all the bouquets you can pile on the casket. One little word of encouragement to the struggling one is worth more than the grandest funeral oration ever spoken. Do it now.

Music Department

Answers to Questions on Musical Topics
By RAFAEL NAVAS



Questions pertaining to or in any way related to Music will be answered in this department by the well known pianist and teacher, Mr. Rafael Navas. Only those questions as have been received in writing properly dated and signed will receive Mr. Navas' attention. Questions received after the first of the month will be answered in the Magazine number of the subsequent month. The subject of the question and the initials of the inquirer will be found heading each answer.

The Kansas Magazine sincerely hopes that its subscribers and readers interested in music will avail themselves freely of the opportunity offered by this department.—THE EDITOR.

LOWEST MUSICAL TONE

F. E.—The lowest audible musical tone is that known to organists as the "Thirty-two foot C" which gives 16 vibrations per second. This C is one octave below the lowest C of the modern pianoforte and is found in only a few organs.

NOTATION OF CHROMATIC SCALES

Miss V. M.—A *diatonic* scale filled out by chromatic intermediate notes constitute a *chromatic* scale. The dia-

tonic scale being nothing but a major or minor chord with passing notes (Ex. I) and these passing notes varying according to the key in which the chord occurs, it follows that the notation of a chromatic scale must vary with the key. It is also influenced by the harmony with which it is connected. The ascending scale has sharpened, the descending, flattened notes. In the appended examples the half-notes represent the diatonic scales; the quarter-notes represent the chromatic filling out.

Ex. I C major

D minor

Ex. II C major

Ex. III F major

Ex. IV

TAUSIG'S CAREER

Mrs. M. N. T.—Tausig (Karl) was not a mere piano-teacher; his short life (1841-1871) consisted mainly of concert tours. The son of a good pianist, from whom he received his early training, and the pupil of a greater one—Liszt—he distinguished himself by his unerring technique and masterful renderings, as well as by his editions of classical piano works. Notable among these are his arrangements of some of Bach's compositions and his edition of Clementi's "Gradus ad Parnassum" which he enriched with subtle difficulties. From 1866 to 1870 he conducted an "academy" in Berlin for the higher development of piano-playing during which time he is supposed to have written his well-known "Technische Studien" which, however, were not published until after his death.

PERFECT PRIME

J. O. S.—Unisons are often called by some theorists perfect primes, this term expressing more clearly and intelligibly the distance—interval—from a given tone to an identical one; naturally one cannot conceive nor explain an augmented unison, but an augmented prime (a - a sharp) is perfectly conceivable. There is no limit, theoretically, to the

ways in which a melody may be harmonized.

GRAND AND LIGHT OPERA

Miss L. McC.—Whether an opera should or should not be classed under one of those two categories depends altogether on the character of both the episode it illustrates and the means adopted in conveying to the public the emotions it embodies. Generally speaking the same as a play is classed either as a comedy or a tragedy according to the subject treated and the manner in which it is developed and expressed, the same an opera would rightly be called "grand opera" when the subject represented is of a heroic or dramatic nature, with stage settings, histrionic interpretation, and musical accompaniment in keeping; the reverse would constitute "light opera."

Opera buffa, *seria*, and *Semiseria* denote in Italy the character and artistic worth of an opera. The French have *opera comique*, and of late—since the advent of Wagnerian operas—the term "music-drama" has often been used to designate the highest examples of opera as an art-form.

Your other question is one I must decline to answer here as it refers to a living artist and I do not wish to express my opinion of personalities publicly.



At the Wichita Theatres

By A. Dunlap

THE last month has given to the theater goers of Wichita some very good things in the way of attractions. To be sure the bitter has been mixed with the sweet, but even theatrical managers make mistakes at times. To the credit of the theatrical managers of Wichita, let it be said that they strive to please, and if a "joker" sometimes creeps in, it is seldom that a Wichita manager is to blame. The latter is often the case in some towns where managers figure that the public will stand for a "bum" show just so often without getting sore on the house for keeps.

In the very near future Wichita will have some playhouses of the highest order that will be a credit to any city. When the new Crawford and the Forum are completed, the managers will be in a much better position in the way of having a proper place to invite their patrons.

Among the good shows at the Crawford during the past month "A Stubborn Cinderella" and "The Newly Weds" were the leading attractions. Good singing, pretty costumes and pretty girls were features in both, and especially so in "A Stubborn Cinderella." This attraction was far above the average, and those who failed to attend missed a treat.

Manager Martling however has something good to offer for a Holiday attraction, and music lovers of Wichita are congratulating themselves upon the fact that theirs is the only city in Kansas to receive a visit from the Aborn English Grand Opera Company, which is making a limited tour of the larger cities. This organization, numbering one hundred singers and musicians in its double cast, powerful chorus and big orchestra, will be the Christmas attraction at the Crawford Theatre in Wichita, presenting Balfe's popular opera "The



Hugh Spencer, Vocalist, Colonial Theatre

"Bohemian Girl" at the holiday matinee Monday, December 26th. Bizet's splendid "Carmen" Monday night, and Gounod's masterpiece, "Faust" Tuesday night. This is the largest organization of its kind in America, and though it is famous in the East this will be its first appearance in the Southwest, its nearest engagements to Wichita being in Denver on the West and Kansas City on the East.

The array embraces Edith Helena and Bertha Davis sopranos Louise Le

Baron and Hattie Belle Ladd, contraltos, Domenico Russo and Henry Taylor, tenors, George Pickering and William Schuster, baritones, George Shields, basso, Philip Fein, *buffo*, Carlo Nicosia, conductor, Frank Ranney, stage direc-

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for the Monday matinee. Reservations can be made by sending checks and stamped self addressed envelopes to E. L. Martling, Crawford Theatre, Wichita, Kans.

At the Auditorium, Manager Wolf has



Bertha Davis, *Aborn English Grand Opera Co.*

tor with utility roles filled by Elizabeth Harris, soprano, Irene Ward, contralto, John Pritchard, tenor, and others.

Seats are now available for all performances at prices ranging from 50 cts to \$2 at night and from 25 cents to \$1.50

some good attractions promised for the coming month. At the Orpheum, the home of melodrama, those who are fond of this brand, will find the best.

It is a saying in Wichita that "one never misses it" when they go to the

Princess Vaudeville Theater. Every week Manager Miller has a "good one" to offer. During the past month a number of the best Vaudeville acts in the business have appeared at this popular house, and among them, Ida Russell and her daughter Grace were perhaps the top liners. In their class the Rus-

The Pastime is closed for the present. This little theater, although richly decorated, and playing good attractions of the Sullivan, Considine Circuit, lacked in many ways in the seating arrangements. The owners, Messrs. Hammond and Munn, announce that the Pastime will be entirely remodeled and opened



Ida Russel and daughter Grace with their dog Nicodemus

sells are without an equal, and their act is one of refinement, although one long laugh from beginning to end. The "Dance of All Nations" by Grace Russell, is one of the neatest pieces of work of the kind ever seen in Wichita, and Ida Russell's "Bowery Girl" is famous from coast to coast.

later as a first class Vaudeville house.

At the Colonial and Marple, Wichita's high class moving-picture theatres, the crowded houses nightly testify to the popularity of the motion pictures and the class of people who attend these houses regularly, show that the efforts of



Miss Leida H. Mills

Miss Mills has extended her educational work to include the management for the appearance of some of the world's most famous artists in Wichita.

The success last season for Mme. Gadski and the Damrosch Smyphony Orchestra, led to an ambitious series for this season, including Schumann-Heink, Mischa Elman and Bonci.

the management of these two places are appreciated.

The opening of the New Forum will take place in January, and in the next number of the Kansas Magazine the official programme and list of attractions will appear.

Miss Leida Mills one of Wichita's best known and esteemed educators, has been for many years interested in the musical development of Wichita. Believing that repeatedly hearing the best in music will create a taste for the best, Miss



*Miss Gladys Lamphere, singer
Maple Theatre*

Now, Miss Mills announces as the crowning event of this remarkable series, the Queen of Song, Mme. Marcella Sembrich, who will sing in the Auditorium, Wednesday, January 11th.





Twice Told Tales



The KANSAS MAGAZINE welcomes to this page every story new or old, that has humor in it

A BAD FALL

A Boston man was showing his English friend the sights of Boston. Finally the Auto climbed the hill and stood before the monument that commemorates our first great fight with the Mother Country. "What's that tall shaft?" said the Englishman. "That," said his friend "Is Bunker hill monument. That's where Warren fell." The Englishman fixed his monocle in his eye and measured the height of it. "Fahney now; killed im I suppose?"

ON THE VERGE

A woman and her daughter were at sea during rough weather. After a silence of some time the mother asked: "Are you seasick, Dear?"

"No, I think not," replied the daughter; "but I'd hate to yawn."—Ladies Home Journal.

HIS HAPPY HOME

"You say you once had a home?"

"Dat's what I had," answered Plodding Pete.

"Why didn't you do something to make your folks comfortable and happy?"

"I did. I left."—Tid-Bits.

GRATEFUL

A very young playwright, whose maiden effort had been recently produced with more or less success, was seated next to Mark Twain at dinner one evening. During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle and leaned toward the humorist.

"Oh-h, I passed your house this morning," he drawled.

"Thank you," replied Mark Twain quietly.
"Thank you very much."—Housekeeper.

The Rev. W. H. Jordan, of Jerseyville, Ill., is of the excellent opinion that the Bible written in newspaper style would be vastly more interesting. Let us give the Rev. Jordan his way: "Adam and Eve, surnames not known, were evicted from their summer home at Paradise Park today. The cause is not known. Both are seeking employment." Or: "Battling Abel failed to come back last night and was knocked out in the first round by Kid Cain." It's too easy to multiply them.—Franklin P. Adams, in the New York Mail.

A young man who had lost his wife married his deceased wife's sister while still in mourning. While on his honeymoon, a friend of his, whom he had not seen for a long time, met him in a restaurant. The friend, after being introduced

to the bride, said sympathetically: "But who who are you in mourning for, old man?" "For my sister-in-law," was the delicate reply.—Metropolitan.

Current Topics of Topeka tells this story: "A Topeka man was shipwrecked on a desert island and was out of grub. Before he should turn up his toes in despair he decided to write a note to his wife and put it in a bottle, telling her of his miserable end. Reaching into his pocket for paper and pencil he drew out two insurance policies. They contained 'provisions' enough to last him six months, and before that he was rescued."

NOT BUYING WHOLESALE

A man went to the store to select some goods for a dress as a present to his wife. He caused the fat lady behind the counter no little trouble, but she finally persuaded him to decide upon a certain piece of goods.

"Now, I don't exactly know how much I want," said the man.

"Well" interposed the fat saleswoman, sauvely,

"let's see. Now, I should need about—"

"Madam" brusquely rejoined the husband, "I don't want this for an awning: I want it for a dress."—Harpers.

SEEING THE REMAINS

A New England teacher had put in a busy afternoon taking ten of her pupils through the Museum of Natural History, but her charges had enjoyed every minute of the time.

"Where have you been?" asked the mother of two of the party, when they came home for dinner.

"We've been to a dead circus," was the response of one of the lads.

HOW, INDEED

The little girl from the city had been questioning the old farmer touching many things about his place.

"And now" said she in conclusion, "I'd like to ask you just one thing more."

"Fire away," said the farmer, good-naturedly.

"What I want to know," said the untiring little questioner, "is, when you have finished milking a cow, how do you turn it off?"—Harpers

JUSTICE

A lawyer once asked a man who had at various times been on several juries, "Who influenced you most, the lawyers, the witnesses, or the judge?" He expected to get some useful and interesting

information from so experienced a juryman. This was the man's reply: "I'll tell yer, sir, 'ow I makes up my mind. I'm a plain man and a reasonin' man, and I hain't influenced by anything the lawyers say nor by what the witnesses say; no, nor by what the judge says. I just looks at the man in the docks, and I says, if he ain't done nothin', why's he there? And I brings 'em all in guilty."

EFFECTIVE

A Kansas widower wrote the following testimonial to a patent medicine Company.

Dear sirs:—My first wife took one bottle of your medicine and died. I am married again. Please send me another bottle.

THE ALTOGETHER

A busy doctor in Independence, Kansas, has made a rule that patients, before entering his consultation room, should divest themselves of all unnecessary clothing, as the precaution saves lots of time. Recently a man found his way into the inner sanctum clad in his regular apparel. He was somewhat summarily ordered out, with directions to take off his clothes. He returned soon, having obeyed instructions to the letter.

"Well, what can I do for you?" said the doctor.

"I called" said the stranger, "to subpoena

you as a witness for the defense in the case of the state vs _____, but I find I have left the papers in my pocket."

HE WAS DESPERATE

"If you refuse me" said the Great Bend young man, "I shall blow out my brains."

"I'd hate to have you do that" replied the Great Bend girl thoughtfully, "and yet it would be a good joke on pa. He says you haven't any you know."

WAS ACCOMODATING

Kind Lady—(talking to tramp) Have you ever made an effort to get work, sir?

Tramp—Yes, ma'am, last week I got work for three members of my family; but none of them would take it.

WHERE WAS GEORGE

A Larned woman, whose husband, an attorney, had been dead some years, went to a medium who produced the spirit of her dead husband. "My dear George" said the widow, "are you happy now?" "I am very happy" replied George. "Happier than you were on earth with me?" she asked. "Yes, I am much happier." "Tell me, George, what is it like in heaven?" "Heaven!" said George, "I'm not in Heaven."





"Onlucky" Al

I'me jest about the onluckiest cuss
I recon, that you kind find.
I seem tu be Jonered in everything,
An allurs git left behind.
Whenever there's anything good on hand
That seems ter be comin my way,
An I reach out tu gather it in,
It silently slides away.
If I go out with a picnic croud,
I'm elected tu carry the grub.
I'm sure tu set in a custard pie,
An the party gals give me the snub.
The ants wander up my trouser legs
An caper about in delight;
I allurs eat everything I see,
An then I'm sick the hull night.
The fish won't bite when I'm around,
The dogs all run away,
An the babies squall when I look at em,
An nothin I git'll stay.
If a band is playin up the street.
An there's marchin that's fit tu see;
The parade 'ell stop, an the music cease,
Jest as they git tu me.
I suppose sum day that I'll have tu die,
But I never kin flutter away;
For somethin will happen tu keep me here
Up til the Judgment day.
I'll wander around like the other hants,
But they'll keep out of my bourne,
For they'll be afraid that I'll mix things up
When Gabriel toots his horn.
Onlucky,—well it's like other things—
You'r used ter it after awhile.
You might jest as well let things slide along.
And wear a perpetual smile.

A. DUNLAP.

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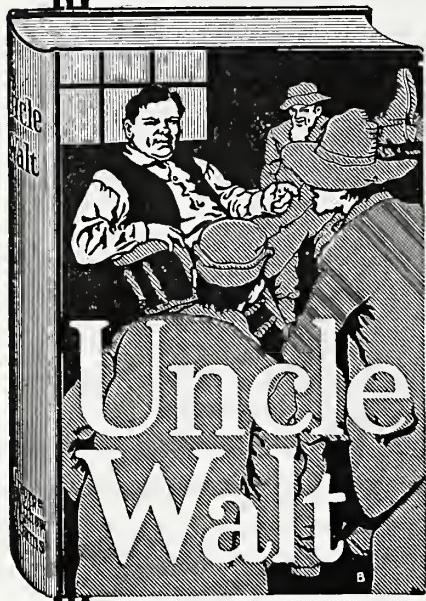


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Above we show the BURSON and the "others"—
turned inside out. Note the difference.

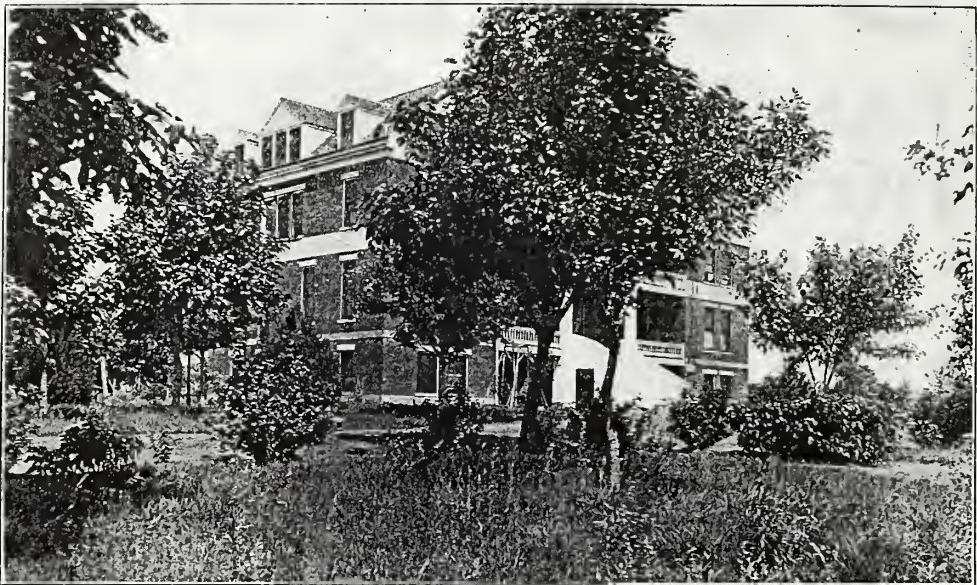
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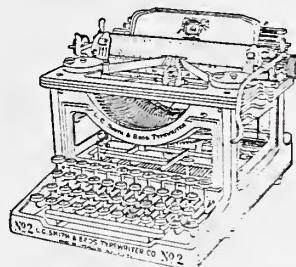
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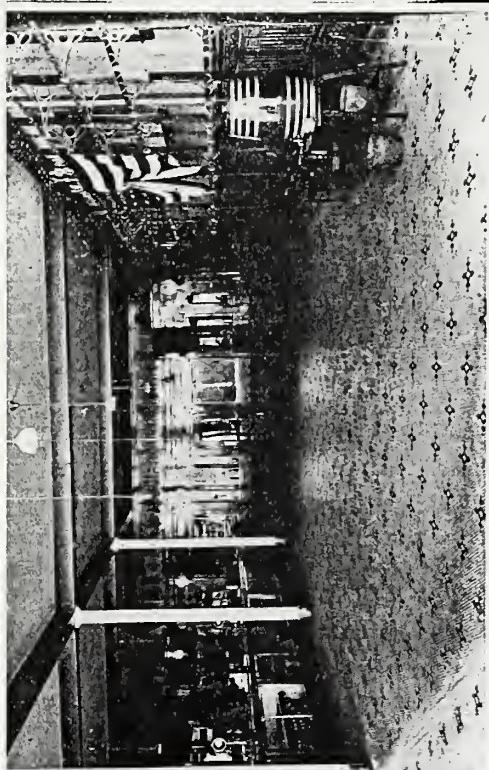
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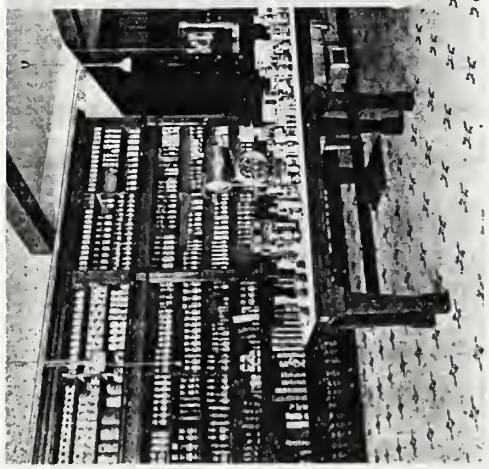
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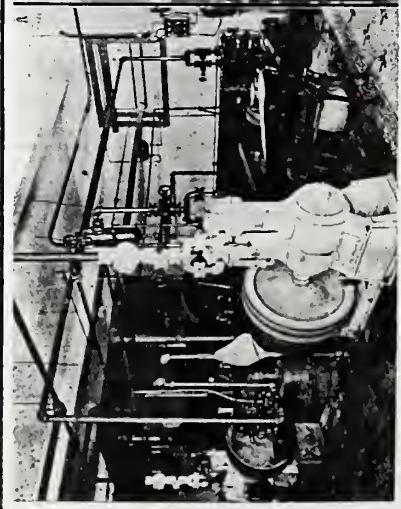
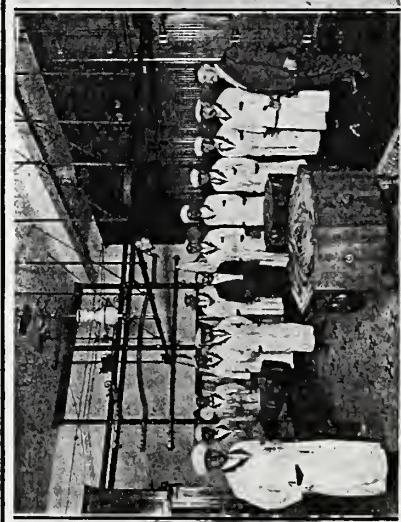
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IT has a pleasant tasty flavor that makes a hit with the youngsters and the grown folks. Made of the pure, natural grain and nothing else. Made in Kansas, of Kansas grain, for Kansas people and others.

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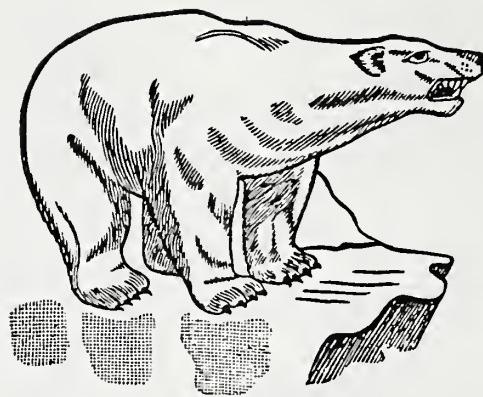
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